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Saturday Review

June 28, 1969 50¢

by Katharine Kuh

THE MYSTIFYING MAYA

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June 28, 1969

Saturday Review

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by Katharine Kuh

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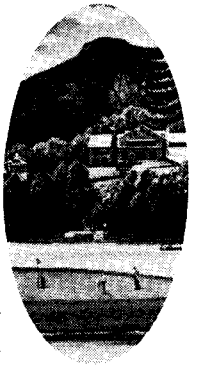

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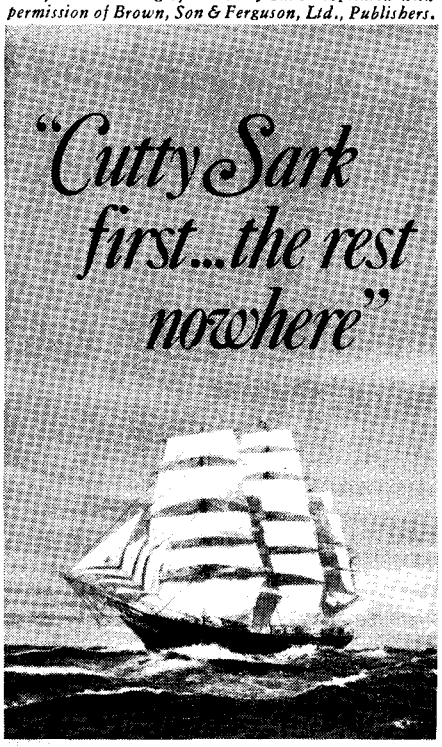

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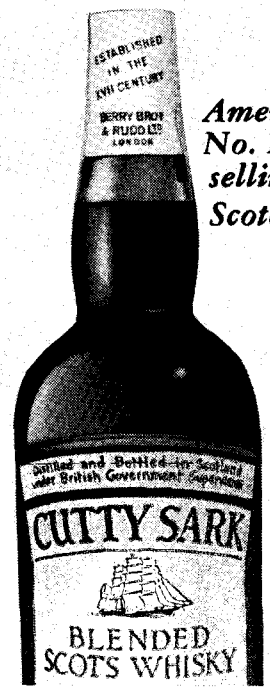

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

No Rallentare for Rocco

JUST AS NATURE abhors a vacuum, so the Italian motorist abhors solitude. Nothing upsets him more than to find himself alone on a broad highway. An irrational fear takes possession of him and he puts on speed in the hope of catching up to another car.

He could slow down, of course, and let other cars overtake him, but an Italian is always embarrassed when another driver passes him. If he happens to have his wife and several children in the car, he feels he will lose their respect and affection should another car pass his. If he has friends in the car, he is even more ashamed; to be overtaken and passed by a woman driver is the ultimate disgrace.

An Italian motorist, therefore, never slows down when he is lonely on the road. He forges ahead with all the power at his command, though that isn't much in one of the tiny Fiats which often appear to foreigners visiting Italy for the first time or after an absence of a year or two as the kind of midget car kids drive in American amusement park concessions.

This is a dangerous assumption. Two small Italian cars in a collision shake up drivers and passengers rather badly, and nothing is more pathetic than a little Fiat with a crumpled nose.

The peril of collision is greatest on the narrow roads that twist up and down the mountains. On these roads the distaste for being alone is more poignant than it is on the *autostrada*. An Italian summons forth all his *audacia*, his singularly mindless *coraggio*, and races around blind curves, relying on two or three beeps of his horn or a series of rapid bleats to warn a lonely driver who is racing for the blind curve from the opposite direction.

The most hateful word an Italian driver knows is painted in large white letters at various places on the paving of the *autostrada*: RALLENTARE ("Slow down"). He rarely does.

The Italian motorist appears happiest when he is driving in the crowded streets of Rome, Milan, Naples, Genoa, and smaller cities and towns where other cars, pressing close to him from all sides, offer a kind of mobile companionship and, at the same time, a challenge to his skill in jockeying for position.

Italians never learn to drive in quiet streets; they enroll in an auto school and, accompanied by a teacher, plunge into heavy traffic at once. These students drive cautiously yet fearlessly, and rarely beep their horns. That comes later and seems to be part of the oral instruction: When to beep and for how long and in what circumstances (narrow streets where the walls are good sounding boards are best for beeping), and what to yell at other drivers, and what gestures to make.

The driver of a car who offers manual insults to a driver who he thinks is going too slowly, or who is unfairly trying to cut in ahead of him, is usually joined by all the occupants of his car. Thus children master the signs and the language at an early age.

Pedoni (pedestrians) are another challenge to Italian drivers. Italy has few traffic lights, and, where they do exist, pedestrians frequently cross against the red while the indulgent police wag a polite forefinger. Italians hate warning signs and signs forbidding them to act rashly.

When a crossing watchman lowers the gates to await a train that is likely to be overdue, he risks being insulted by the drivers of little Fiats who frequently get out of their cars and go up to the gates to watch for the train and to make threatening gestures at the train crew and passengers. In the Naples subway, the Metropolitana, —whose platforms are only a few inches above the tracks—nobody heeds the large signs forbidding the public to cross to the other side. It would seem cowardly to obey. —JOHN FERRIS.

The One-half Generation Gap

THE GENERATION GAP idea needs work. If thirty years constitutes a generation, there are at least three generations pushing and shoving at any given time. First, the people under thirty. (Call them the Bluebirds.) Second, the people from thirty to sixty. (The Sparrows.) Then, those from sixty to ninety. (The Eagles.)

The other day it became apparent that the situation is much more intricate than my neat little package suggests. I heard a speech, a good one, by a thirty-year-old newspaper publisher named Philip Power. Mr. Power is a bright and articulate man, an Oxford scholar, the owner of a chain of newspapers in suburban Detroit, and his age places him in the first year of the Sparrow generation. What rocked

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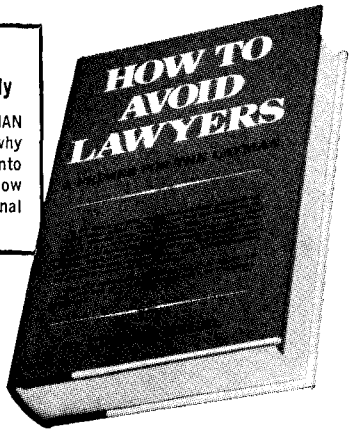

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me about Mr. Power's remarks was this: "If you are over thirty-five," he said, "you got your kicks drinking bathtub gin."

Now, look, Mr. Power. I am over thirty-five. I am a Sparrow, as you are, but almost precisely one-half generation ahead of you. And if you think I spent my youth swigging bathtub gin (dancing the Charleston with a flapper, no doubt) there is a serious rift in the understanding of our generational group. I first saw the light of day in the mid-Twenties. The Volstead Act was repealed when I was about seven years old. As far as I know, bathtub gin and all the other homemade stuff went with it. My *parents* (now in the Eagle class) may have drunk bathtub gin, but I didn't make it in time. I did not come of age, drinkingly speaking, until the mid-Forties. As a matter of cold unromantic fact, I got my kicks swilling 3.2 beer in the PX. The year I was twenty I didn't even *see* a bathtub, ginny or otherwise, as I was living most of the time in various holes in the ground in France and Germany. (See World War II, 1939-1945.)

So there is more than a generation gap. Clearly there is a one-half generation gap as well, and probably a quarter-generation gap, too. Frankly, I wouldn't be surprised to learn that nobody understands anything about anybody.

I can speak only for the people pushing forty-five this year. On their behalf I'd like to sweep away some of the misconceptions common among the Bluebirds and early Sparrows about what we did getting to where we are. For instance: When we speak of "the war" we do not mean the First World War. We did not put together a crystal set to listen to the Dempsey-Firpo fight. We did not cheer on Lucky Lindy in his flight. If we ever got in a speakeasy, it was as guests of our parents. We did not hold jobs on the WPA. We do not remember when movies began to talk. And—you will never believe this—we never even got a chance to vote for FDR (Franklin Delano Roosevelt).

If you survive to my age, Mr. Power, the Bluebirds of the day will undoubtedly assume that you landed in Normandy with Ike, danced to Glenn Miller's Orchestra, and went to college under the GI Bill. The young will know, too, just exactly what is good for you. I was talking to a young friend the other day.

"A man your age," he said, "ought to take up jogging."

"I do not choose to run," I told him.

I don't belong to the first generation born under the shadow of Calvin Coolidge for nothing.

—Patrick Butler.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Did Hippocrates Start Like This?

MY DOCTOR is an outstanding, outspoken, outrageously dedicated man of medicine. But not outgoing. He makes no house calls after 9 p.m., when I'm always at death's door.

That was the hour I called him the other evening. His normally big, resounding voice answered with a scarcely audible croak of a "Hello."

"Is that you, doc? What's the trouble?"

"Oh, it's you," he whispered, "I think I'm fighting a virus. I had gone to sleep to ward it off."

"Oh, that's too bad, doc. I was calling to invite you and your wife to come to dinner tomorrow."

It turned out I was just what the doctor needed: a miracle cure.

"Tomorrow night?" he shouted. "Swell, we'll be there. Thanks."

If that Camille bit my doctor acts out doesn't tell it how it is with some doctors who don't make night calls, try this story. A woman phones her doctor at midnight. His wife answers.

"Oh, the doctor went out on an emergency call, Mrs. Harris. I don't know when he'll be back. What's the trouble?"

"It's my back. It's acting up again. I need the doctor right away."

"Oh," says the wife. "Well, uh . . . "

There is a hastily whispered consultation with the doctor, who, with his wife, has been lying there watching the *Johnny Carson Show.*

"Hello, Mrs. Harris," says his wife, "why don't you take two aspirins? That'll stop the pain."

"I already did that. It still hurts."

"Oh, you took the aspirin and it still hurts? Well, uh—(whispered consultation)—get into a hot bath."

"I did that. It doesn't help either."

"Oh, you took a hot bath and it didn't help? Well, uh—try dry heat. Do you have an electric pad?"

"Yes. I'll try that. Thank you. Oh, before I do that, tell me, is that man lying with you there also a doctor?"

That, unfortunately, is the way it is with a man dedicated to health. His health. The 9 p.m. air is not good for my doctor. And if on occasion he does venture into it, the box-office prices change to include his diagnosis, two taxi rides, treatment for the mugging he foresees, and the money he could have been robbed of.

A far cry from kindly old Doctor Herman Boerhaave of Holland (1668-1738). How I happened to know about kindly old Doctor Boerhaave is that I read about him when he was the cover boy on the December 1968 issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, commemorating the 300th anniversary of his birth.

In the attendant article, G. A. Lindeboom, M.D., writes that Dr. Boerhaave at the age of sixteen had "graduated in philosophy after defending a thesis on the distinction between mind and body . . . then turned to medicine with the intention, however, of taking care of both souls and bodies simultaneously."

You can be sure that foremost diagnostician of his day, philosopher, and teacher was never on the phone after 9 p.m. telling a patient to take nose drops for his sinus and two aspirins for his soul, never mind that they didn't have phones or nose drops in 1700.

Read carefully, if you will, Dr. Boerhaave's gentle diagnosis and prescription when called in for consultation on a case of asthmatic bronchitis:

> It is to be feared that by the gentleman's staying so long in the cold water (which circumstance should have been first mentioned in the description) the *Nerves* belonging to the *Diaphragm* have been hurt, and hence so has the *Asthma.* This disorder is difficult of cure, which is very plain from this consideration, that so strong remedies as those already tryed, have done little or no service.
>
> I think the gentleman should try what the exercise of riding might do; but then it must be pretty violent daily and long continued. I am confident it would be of service, and must recommend it as the principal remedy in this case. In the meantime we must join to it what is proper for the *Nerves.* Let him then every three hours, swallow three of the pills *A*, drinking immediately after them two ounces of the mixture *B.* I expect great benefit from this course if continued in for three months, and pray God may bless it. Signed H. B.

The other night I forgot to "close cover before striking," and so burned two fingers, a disorder difficult of cure. Such was the pain to the *Nerves* belonging to my *Right Hand,* that hence I had the *Shakes,* and so spent a sleepless night. Although my doctor had suggested a tryed and true remedy, it had done little or no service, obviously because he had not called upon *Anyone* to bless the *Unguentine* which he had prescribed on the phone after 9 p.m.

"Not too much pancake—I want my charisma to come through."

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Hertz has figured out a way to keep the American businessman from missing that plane he always seems to be rushing to catch.

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Hertz

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

The other weekend we had the honor of receiving an honorary degree from, and delivering a commencement address to, New England College in Henniker, New Hampshire. As an old ROTC man, we took immediate notice of two facts. One was that, gowned as the graduating class was, many of them, particularly the girls, appeared unarmed. The other was that as we ascended the platform we realized that we were in the ideal military position —the sun was directly at our back and in their eyes.

To begin with, we warned them what worried us most was that they would find the world outside pretty dull. We told them, for example, that we on the Hill had changed Presidents only once in 30 years, that recently it took three presidential terms to get rid of Dean—Dean Rusk—and in other cases—notably Strom Thurmond, Mendel Rivers—our officials for a lifetime—theirs and ultimately ours, too.

Then, all, we told them that while we thought most of them should make a comparatively smooth transition to sitting in offices, we were concerned that, as far as their grievances went, these could perhaps best be handled in either one of two ways. One was to go through channels—not the channels on which they had so often starred, but other channels. The other way, we noted, was what in some offices is called a "suggestion box." We concluded frankly by telling them we had never heard of a non-negotiable demand being put in a suggestion box but then, we added, until we had met them, we had never heard of a non-negotiable demand.

We do not want you to think, however, that our New England College experience was the only honor we have recently received. Not a bit of it. For, that very same week, we received a letter from a Miss Jill Goldstein, an associate editor of *Esquire* magazine, asking us to participate in a feature that would include, she declared flatteringly, "notable people from many fields of endeavor." These would be people, Miss Goldstein went on, who shared the views of the Messrs. Kenneth Tynan, Philip Roth, and young people to whom, as she put it, "today's new sexual frankness is liberating."

Well, we thought, now who could argue with that? Liberating it must be—at least it certainly isn't conservating.

There would be a group photograph of these notable people, Miss Goldstein continued, which would be "highly stylized and posed." And then she added the clinker—or rather the clincher.

"The participants, of course," she wrote, "would be nude."

It was the "of course" that got us. Natch, we thought—or, as we used to say, *au naturel*. Many authors, we mused, had, through the years, been honored, in prizes and awards, for the body of their work. But here was little old us being honored for—well, just our body.

And then, we freely admit, we stripped and went to the mirror. We looked completely objectively and, if we do say so, we brought the full range of our professional critical faculties to bear. First, we coldly asked ourselves, which was our best side? We tried them both—first the right and then the left. Definitely the left, we decided, definitely more liberating. And then we were ruthlessly honest about our condition. We would have to lose a few pounds—a pound here, a pound there.

But, we wanted to know, how much time did we have? We glanced back at Miss Goldstein's letter. The issue was planned, she said, for December. Natch again, we thought. The Christmas issue. What could be more appropriate? The birthday month—and us in our birthday suit.

Now there was nothing more to do than sit down and write our acceptance. But here, alas, a nagging thought began to assail us. How well did we really know the people at *Esquire*—Miss Goldstein and her associates? Of course we knew their names on the masthead, but somehow, with the formality of the magazine between us, they had never really come through to us as real people.

And then, in a flash, it came to us—they, too, should be liberated. We should all be liberated. We should all be liberated together. And so we wrote Miss Goldstein okay, on one condition. She and her associates must be in the picture with us. We must all be there together—in, as the expression once was, the altogether.

And now we are waiting to hear—waiting, and meanwhile losing, as we told you, as much weight as we can. Taking it off, you might say, taking it all off.

Women's rights have been rearing their pretty heads these past weeks—particularly in Great Britain. In view of all this we thought it high time to pay a call on the Lucy Stone League, that ancient and honorable organization named for the pioneer New England feminist who had to work her way through college by doing housework at—now hold your detergents—3 cents an hour. We met both the current president of the League, Miss Robey Lyle, and the former president and founder, Miss Jane Grant, a lady who was formerly married to the late *New Yorker* editor, Harold Ross.

Among other endeavors, the Lucy Stone League is strong for women keeping their own names after marriage. Miss Lyle, for example, told us that the average girl nowadays who has made some sort of a name for herself "just simply doesn't want to up and relinquish it—although," she added, "some still do. They're so happy to have nobbled someone."

"I think it's silly," Miss Grant told us. "After all, the word 'Mrs.' is nothing but a contraction of the word 'mistress.' And remember," she said firmly, "it took you men years to shake off that word 'master.' "

Both women told us that their biggest problem was the kind of woman who tells them: "I'm absolutely with you, but Bob will be furious if your literature comes into the house." "When I meet a Bob like that," Miss Grant told us, "I always say 'Bob, what makes you feel so inferior?' "

Both women also hinted darkly to us that, in the old days, where careers were concerned, men often took credit for the work of women in their house. Miss Grant reminded us that "The Wedding March," for example, was just signed "F. Mendelssohn." "We have reason to believe," Miss Grant dropped her voice, "that it wasn't *Felix* Mendelssohn who wrote it at all. It was *Fanny* Mendelssohn."

"In Greek times," Miss Grant went on, "there was all this trans-sexing, you know." She dropped her voice again. "I have a book in the other room," she told us, "that *proves* that Aristotle was a woman."

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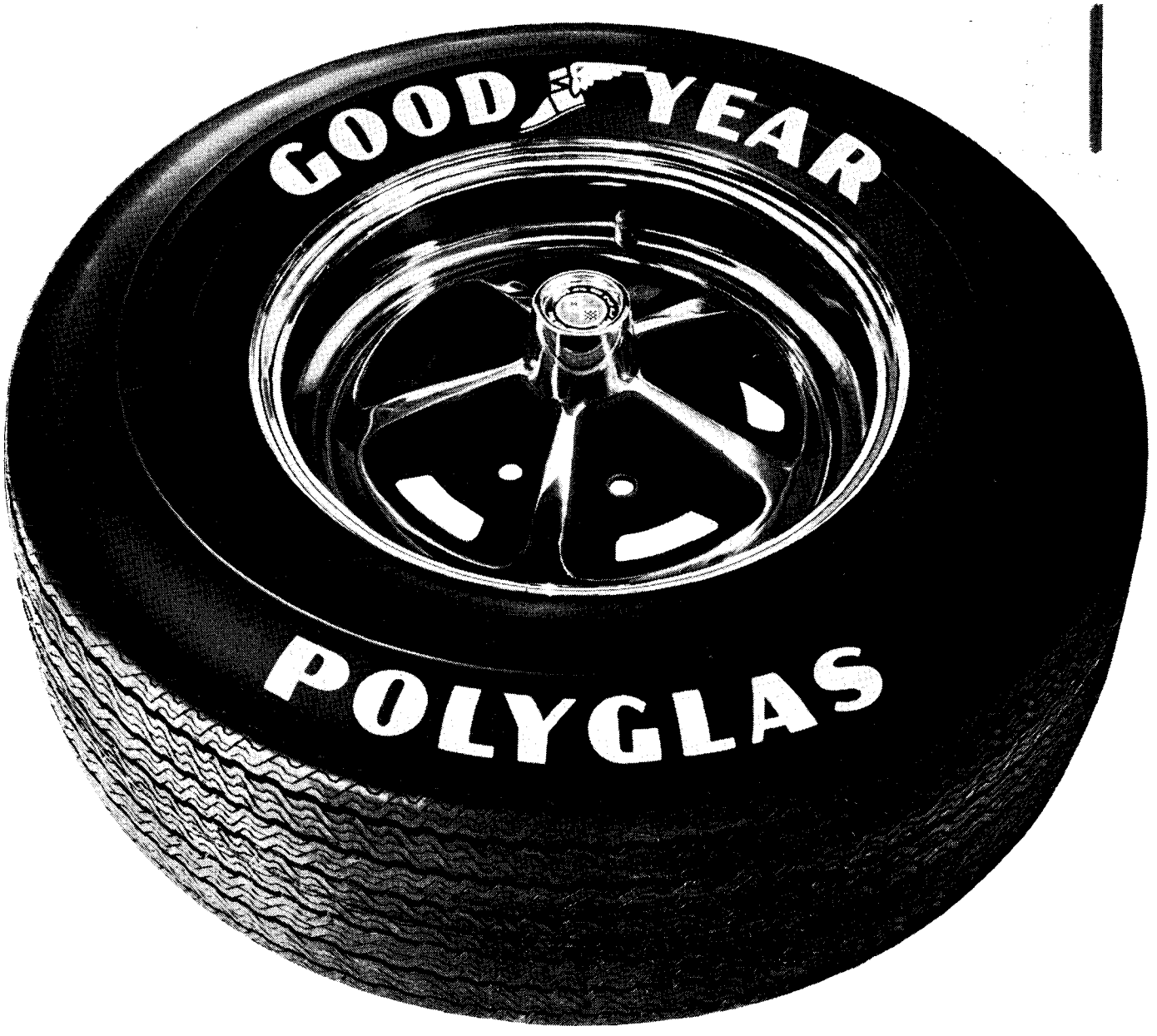

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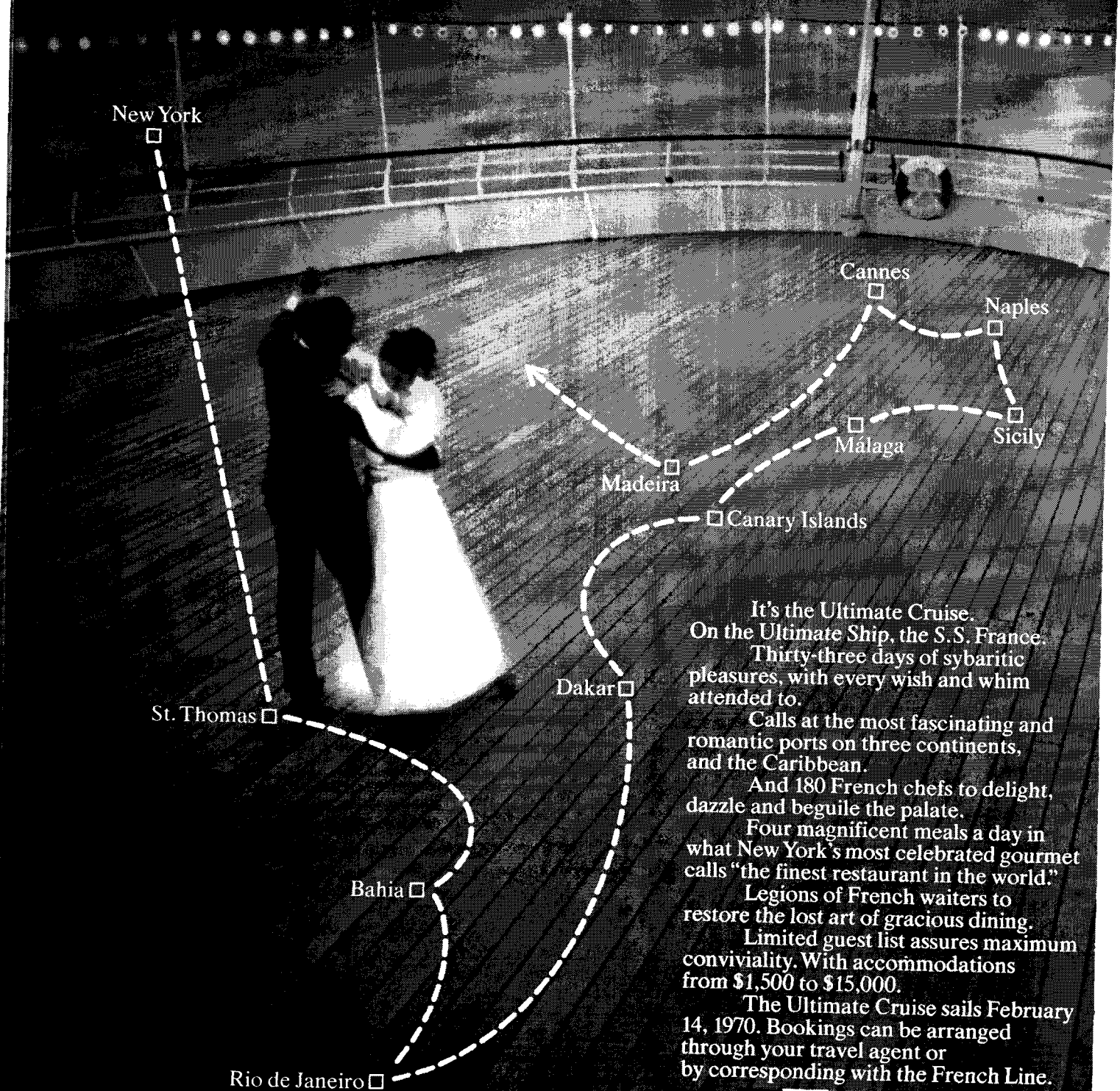

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Colossal head from La Venta—"What were these inscrutable bodiless faces doing in the jungle?"

THE MYSTIFYING MAYA

by KATHARINE KUH

No ruins in the world are more extensive, more apocryphal, more abstruse, more demanding than the Maya remains on our own continent. The fact that many of these heroic monuments are relatively near at hand and still in the process of being explored makes them doubly inviting. Each unexcavated mound, and there are virtually thousands, gives promise of added revelations. History on the Peninsula of Yucatán, so fluid as to unravel before our very eyes, is enriched, confused, and revised by almost daily discoveries. This is a living archaeology, an archaeology that still provides clues to the past with astonishing immediacy. During the past two decades alone, graphic evidence of influential but relatively unknown cultures has suddenly emerged from total jungle oblivion.

There are few other such accessible outposts where in a comparatively restricted area, one can pursue the entire gamut of a complicated ancient civilization. But the Peninsula of Yucatán, including as it does the Mexican states of Quintana Roo, Campeche, Yucatán, and (stretching a point) parts of Chiapas, offers a seemingly inexhaustible supply of Maya relics—some restored, others shrouded in dense jungle growth. Starting with Palenque in the rain forests of Chiapas and ending with the walled city of Tulum on the Caribbean, the legendary Maya world unfolds from its earliest beginnings through its classical florescence to inevitable decay. This is not to suggest that the entire Maya civilization was restricted to the Yucatán Peninsula, for there are also important sites in Guatemala and Honduras. And each site excels for a different reason—Copán and Quiriguá for their magnificent carved stelae, Palenque for the refinement of its stucco work, Tikal for its monumental scale, Bonampak for its wealth of recently discovered frescoes. Even so, the whole chronological story of the Maya can be witnessed step by step within the sandstone confines of a peninsula only a stone's throw away from New Orleans and Florida.

If Maya artists were strictly bound by mythic rites, they still allowed themselves greater freedom within these limitations than did most early Mesoamericans. Why we can only conjecture, but perhaps, because their land was isolated by water and a difficult terrain, they were better able to pursue a comparatively peaceful life, to expand, to experiment in art and science, to maintain their own idiosyncratic identity. Though certain overall Maya characteristics prevailed, they were tempered by surprising variety. And it is this variety that poses a multitude of questions. No one even knows where these people came from. Until a few years ago, archaeologists were at a loss to find uninterruptedly occupied cities that might provide hints to the conti-

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nuity of Maya life. Now at last, two such sites have turned up, one at Dzibilchaltun near Mérida, capital of the state of Yucatán, the other at Izamal, forty-odd miles east of the capital. In each case, one drives under a relentless sun through flat fields of henequen, Yucatán's No. 1 crop, to reach ruins only partially excavated but illuminating for the new light they throw on the ambiguous world of the Maya.

Unlike such famous ceremonial centers as Uxmal, Chichén Itzá, Copán, Tikal, and Palenque, all of which were occupied for only a few centuries and then abruptly deserted, Dzibilchaltun was settled continuously from about 2,000 B.C. until the Spanish conquest and even after. Why the other cities were abandoned is anybody's guess. Each Middle American authority has a different theory but none is foolproof. Some claim the sites were evacuated because of epidemics, because of water or soil exhaustion, because of wars or unaccountable ceremonial practices. Dzibilchaltun, located less than 10 miles from Mérida and for centuries buried beneath a scrubby jungle, was totally unknown until 1956. Covering an immense area and numbering hundreds of unexcavated mounds, the city, like most of its neighbors, sprawls geometrically around spacious plazas and connecting causeways.

Why this settlement was continuously inhabited during almost forty centuries and others nearby were summarily deserted is baffling. Could the Maya cities have been established and maintained for different ceremonial roles? Could their longevity have depended on varying functions? There is, of course, little doubt that the ruins seen today are the remains of religious centers. These towering buildings never housed the ordinary citizen. They were consecrated to a pantheon of perplexing gods who demanded constant propitiation from a special priest-noble group, a group that dominated the life of Yucatán's theocratic city-states. Presumably, the common man, a maize farmer as a rule, lived on the outskirts of the temple area in perishable small huts similar to the primitive thatched ones found everywhere on the peninsula today. At Uxmal, a so-called Nunnery is ornamented with just such windowless little dwellings. Indeed, wherever one looks, the past is presently mirrored. Unlike contemporary Greeks, the Maya Indian of today strongly resembles his ancient ancestors in both appearance and habits. Though the wheel and beast of burden are now known, jungle roads still teem with small, patient men, their backs bent under loads suspended from their foreheads by leather thongs. One cannot help but associate these figures with the hordes of human pack animals who must have laboriously hauled the prodigious monoliths that form the backbone of Maya architecture.

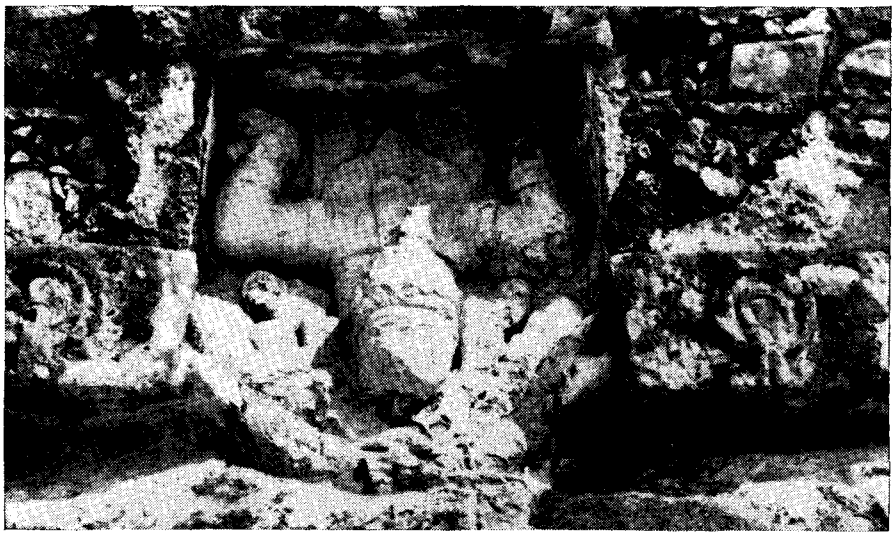
Humanized stone jaguar, Olmec—"unflinching emotional expression."

For me, even more interesting than Dzibilchaltun was Izamal, a dusty town baking in the blazing sun, glorified on one side by a large colonial convent and on the other by a partly restored pyramid of impressive dimensions. Here, pyramid, convent, and native town combine to tell an abbreviated story of Yucatán. The present, alas, cannot compete with its illustrious past. Izamal's heritage has a continuing poignancy, for the nobly proportioned, now shabby Spanish convent was erected over yet another pre-Cortesian structure, obliterating the latter completely, though telltale stones in the courtyard are reminders (as at Cholula) of buried treasure.

The Yucatec archaeologist, Victor Segovia, who is currently restoring Izamal's pyramid, a landmark known as El Cerro ("The Hill"), told me that a year ago the Club Intimos, a local men's organization, decided something must be done about Izamal's mound if the town was to attract its quota of visitors. So, between the club and the Mexican government, funds were allocated, and the job is now under way. El Cerro, occupied continuously for some 3,000 years, has turned out to be the fourth largest (in volume, not height) pre-Columbian pyramid in existence. Only the one at Cholula and those of the Sun and Moon exceed it. The ruin is approached from vast artificial terraces topped by an enormous squat pyramidal structure that doubtless originally served as the base for a ceremonial temple. Access to terraces and pyramid is by the Cyclopean Stairway, so called because of its gigantic, monolithic stones. The scale is princely and so also is the entire conception of this massive man-made hill.

Segovia is in love with the ruin. He affectionately compares it to a rotund modern Maya lady, but for me it is utterly masculine — heavy, aggressive, and indomitably permanent despite its recent re-emergence. Now Segovia wants to investigate, if only circumspectly, the temple under the convent, but he doubts whether the citizens of Izamal will permit even a cursory look, fearing, as they might, desecration to the church—an ironic twist since it was the church that originally engulfed their civilization.

Rightfully, one should start a visit to Yucatán by going elsewhere first—to Villahermosa, the capital of Tabasco, for here in a still unexploited river town one finds spectacular Olmec carvings that predated and influenced the Maya. Flourishing around 800 to 500 B.C., the Olmecs ("People of the Rubber Country") produced an art that is noth-



Descending God, Tulum—"a winged deity forever plunging earthward."

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ing short of staggering. Along with the Chavin of Peru, they represent the most ancient known culture of the New World. From southern Veracruz and the western tip of Tabasco, including the neighborhood of La Venta which sometimes lends its name to Olmec sculpture, come monuments of unrivaled majesty. Memories of Villahermosa still haunt me, especially those colossal stone heads in the city's two museums—the Museum of Tabasco, which, by the way, is second only in quantity and quality to Mexico City's National Museum of Anthropology, and the Park of La Venta, an outdoor installation where altars, godlike animals, and outsized portraits are deployed in a natural jungle setting. For sheer grandeur and unflinching emotional expression, Olmec art has few parallels.

These carvings go beyond symbols of emotion to grapple with a kind of brutal reality. Nowhere else in Middle America does sculpture expose so directly the human condition. In the bodiless portrait heads we discover not the usual archaisms but a naturalism that presupposes at once an understanding of man and of the supernatural, for these monstrous creatures were more than ordinary mortals. In Olmec art there is no clutter, no unnecessary hieratic detail, which is later to invest and at times to overwhelm Mesoamerican carvings. Here there is a freedom, a frank handling of rounded form, an approach more closely related to personal observation than to prescribed stylizations.

The heads, somewhat Negroid with their blunt noses and swollen lips, are topped by curious helmet-like caps that may have been worn in ritualistic ball games similar to those subsequently popular with the Maya. What, we continually ask, were these inscrutable bodiless faces doing there in the jungle? Though one head was discovered as early as 1871, most of them, along with other Olmec carvings, were finally exhumed less than twenty years ago, and, like Izamal and Dzibilchaltun, are drastically changing our understanding of Middle American history. Could it be that these mystery men were the Maya's true progenitors?

The Olmecs also carved strange votive altars that recall certain Buddha figures from Ceylon, but the connection is probably purely coincidental. And everywhere one encounters the were-jaguar, half-human baby, half-monster—a snarling Olmec obsession. Some anthropologists feel this image was the father of all Mesoamerican rain gods, deities of crucial importance in a land where water was an urgent necessity. In addition, we know the Maya associated jaguars with water, because these animals were agile swim-

Temple of the Warriors, Chichén Itzá—"The Maya-Toltecs, with almost Freudian insistence, reproduced the serpent everywhere. . . ."

The Castillo, Chichén Itzá—"What was this superhuman drive for height, this need to rise above the jungle?"

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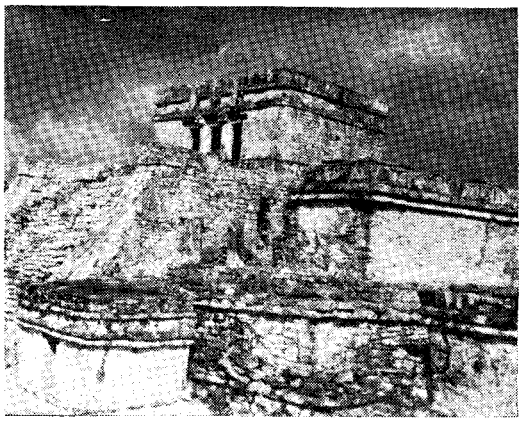

The Castle, Tulum—"a marvelous stronghold of gray stone ruins."

mers and generally hunted near rivers. Earlier, the Olmecs had embroidered this idea by including the watery tears of weeping babyish behemoths.

Of all pre-Columbian riddles, the unheralded flowering of the Olmecs is the most bewildering. Stones for their monolithic carvings, in some instances weighing more than 25 tons, were transported at least 60 miles from the nearest possible quarry. Considering that metal tools, transport animals, and wheeled vehicles were unknown, this operation was no less a triumph than a trial for the manpower involved —sometimes slaves, sometimes ordinary citizens working off their taxes. Certain scholars believe the Olmecs even used an early form of the Maya language, but as yet there is no solid proof of any ethnic relationship. The entire Olmec culture seems to have vanished (who knows why?) around the seventh century A.D.

Temple of the Masks, Kabah (detail)— "... literally covered from top to bottom with Chacs carved in high relief. . . ."

Less than 100 miles from Villahermosa is the Maya city of Palenque. Maturing later than the Olmec civilization but earlier than those of Uxmal and Chichén Itzá, this site is for me second only to the Acropolis in terms of unadulterated beauty. Located in a dense rain forest on the side of a luxuriant jungle hill, the ruin suggests poetic Chinese paintings where nature and architecture are fused in philosophic reverie. Never have structures and landscape been more happily married. One comes upon Palenque slowly. Then suddenly there it is, shining beneath a humid sun. All great Maya ruins are touched by magic, but Palenque more than most. On natural protuberances, artificial hills form even higher bases for temples oriented around plazas and often surmounted by elegant openwork roof combs that give added loftiness to an already soaring city. It is possible, too, that these lacy decorations may have acted as reinforcing supports for interior corbeled arches.

Steep flights of ceremonial stairs reach up in hypnotic vertical rhythms that make each Maya city a mesmerizing experience. Unnaturally shallow, the steps multiply repetitiously, astounding the modern visitor who cannot help but wonder whether Indian feet were small enough for such abbreviated treads. Was the traffic up and down on tiptoe? One wonders, too, were the priests and nobles carried up on litters? And did the ever present stairs also act as glorified bleachers?

What was this superhuman drive for height, this need to rise above the jungle? To dominate nature? If the Maya wanted a miniature mountain, they made one. If there was no water, they supplied cisterns (as at Uxmal and Kabah). In Chichén Itzá they may even have altered the famous *cenote* (underground well), for its walls form a suspiciously perfect circle, readily adapted to the dramatic rites that took place there and often involved human sacrifice. Though most Maya cities were located in low jungle country, their frequent pyramidal structures appear vaguely related to erupting volcanoes. Did the Maya travel widely? Without wheels? Without beasts of burden? Always walking? Did their network of roads extend as far as the mountainous highlands?

It was more probably a need to reach the unattainable, to approximate the land of the gods that made the Maya (and the Egyptians) elevate their shrines so insistently. We know these people were able astronomers and mathematicians. In Palenque and Chichén Itzá sophisticated observatories bear witness to this. Like many religions, theirs, too, associated supernatural events with the awesome workings of the firmament.

Sixteen years ago, the distinguished archaeologist, Alberto Ruz Lhuillier, made an epic discovery at Palenque, one that again reversed previous assumptions. In the Temple of the Inscriptions he found a hidden circuitous passage leading down to the richly carved tomb of a high priest or a noble. For the first time, scholars realized the pyramids of Latin America were not merely elevated bases for temples. Paralleling the pyramids of Egypt, they served as semideified burial crypts, at least on occasion. But there is no reason to believe that the Maya were in contact with Egypt, though Thor Heyerdahl is at present seriously investigating this possibility.

Palenque is renowned for the refinement of its art. Within the ruin compound an excellent small museum preserves the more fugitive sculpture found on the site. Here, because necessary natural resources were available, stucco work reached its apex. Fragmentary reliefs with hints of color are still intact on certain buildings, reminding us that Maya architecture was once brilliantly painted and must have created dazzling, if garish effects. Today, the stucco reliefs at Palenque are badly eroded, but from what remains we recognize the cultivated urbanity that characterized this site. Modeling in stucco made possible far more sensitive surface nuances than carving in stone. A group of stucco portrait heads in the Palenque museum are among the most touchingly humanistic works to be found in all of Latin America. Tender, even compassionate, they celebrate the value of the individual, a conception rarely associated with the pomp surrounding supramundane rites. Why, I keep wondering, were the Maya more than most Middle Americans able to make contact with an interior world, while yet living in a rigorously ceremonial one?

Palenque is also famous as the site where Maya archaeology got its start, for here in the late eighteenth century a Spanish priest first officially investigated the ruins. Since then, a number of intrepid travelers and scholars have studied the city. Notable was the Frenchman, Count Jean Frederic Waldeck, who came to Palenque in the early nineteenth century and estab-

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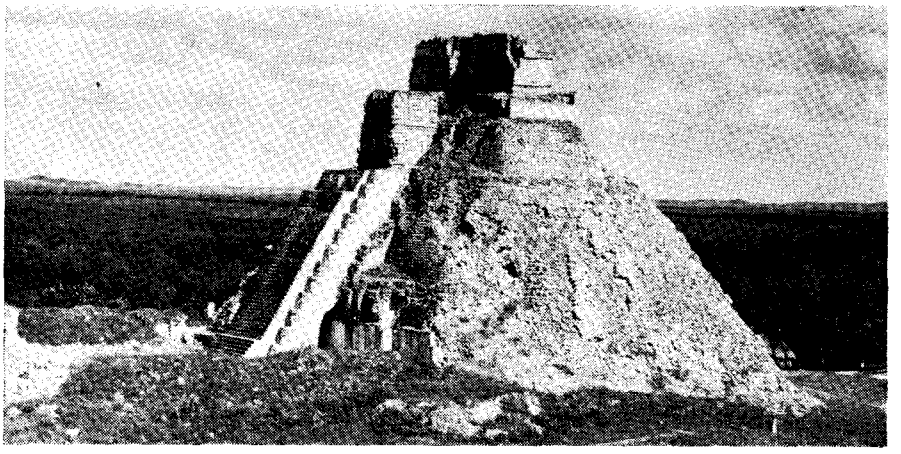
lished himself in a structure named for him, the Templo del Conde. Incidentally, all Maya buildings today have similar irrelevant names, usually supplied by local Indians and, more often than not, inaccurate. Nunneries, churches, castles, palaces—these are all invented modern labels. A few years after Count Waldeck's visit, that tenacious New York lawyer, John Lloyd Stephens, arrived with his English companion, Frederick Catherwood, and together they assembled the most valuable and painstaking early record of Middle American ruins.

Stephens's text is full of adventure, romance, fortitude, and facts; Catherwood's drawings are models of selfless accuracy. Archaeologists still use this double record as a reliable guide, and any intelligent visitor will not fail to read the various volumes comprising Stephens's *Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatán.* To imagine the difficulties these men endured is to realize how even today ticks, mosquitoes, heat, and jungle rot can aggravate the hardiest enthusiast, once he strikes out on his own.

The first detailed story of the Maya was Diego de Landa's *Relacion de las Cosas de Yucatán,* a sixteenth-century document by a Franciscan bishop who arrived in time to see some of the Maya cities still functioning. That he likewise was responsible for stamping out the entire legacy of Maya literature is a fact not readily forgotten or forgiven. With sublime Christian arrogance, Landa signed the order in 1562 that incinerated hundreds of Maya codices. In that conflagration, much of Maya history expired.

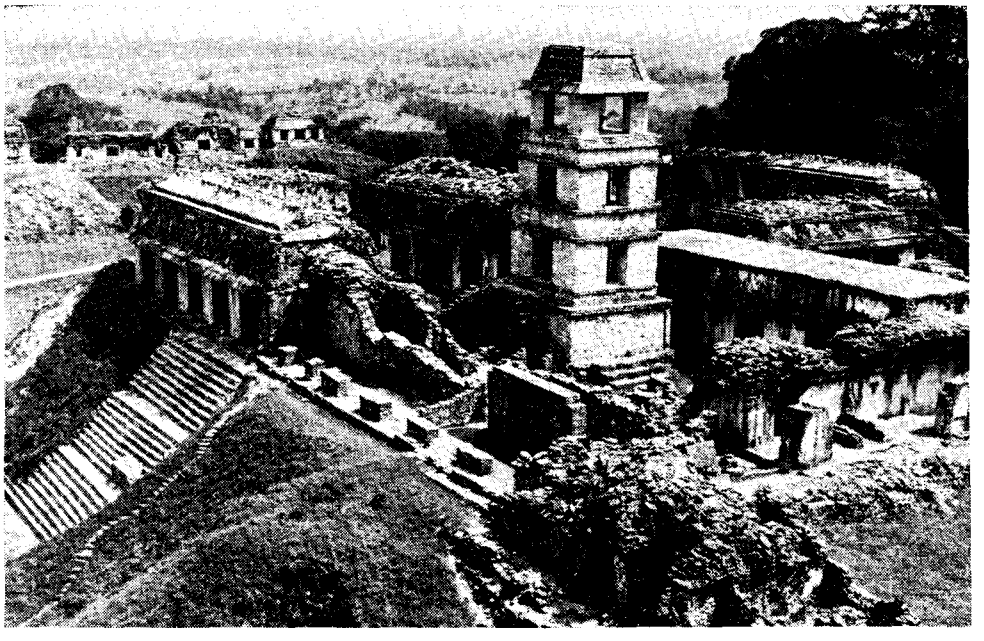
Only three codices still remain, one in Madrid, one in Paris, and the most beautiful in Dresden. At the Tabasco Museum in Villahermosa, facsimiles of these vigorous, folded books are sad reminders that no original codices remain on the soil where they were produced, a fact which implies what might have happened to all pre-Spanish art had most of it not been carved from stone. Elegant, sure, and explosively alive, the draftsmanship in the three codices (especially in the one at Dresden) is amazingly free, despite unfailing stylizations. Students have long tried to decode the Maya glyphs. Though certain dates, astronomical data, and religious dicta have emerged, many experts seriously doubt that Maya writing can ever be fully transcribed. Like the "written" languages of Egypt and China, these hieroglyphics are not based on an alphabet. And, of course, no equivalent of the Rosetta stone exists. We hear frequent rumors that Soviet scientists are at work interpreting the Dresden Codex with electrical computers, but one questions whether it is possible to decipher poetic metaphors with modern machines. It is even doubtful whether the Maya themselves, with the exception of specially educated priests and nobles, could decode their own writings.



Pyramid of the Magician, Uxmal—"builds up and out in an eccentric complex of five superimposed layers."

Thus, the secrets are compounded in a never ending conundrum. Question after question presents itself. Why do nineteenth-century Haida carvings from British Columbia resemble those of the Maya? Was there any connection? Why do both seem vaguely Oriental—also true of Olmec art? How was it possible that a highly advanced civilization never discovered the wheel, metal, transport animals, or the arch? The Maya did, it is true, repeatedly depend on false or corbeled arches, chiefly to attain greater height, but such arches carried no load. Walls remained massive, and fenestration, except for occasional small windows, was practically unknown. Interiors were everywhere dank, meager, awkward, and rarely pierced by light.

In contrast, exterior space was sumptuous. Since Maya cities were ceremonial centers, and since the climate was warm, important public events took place out-of-doors. To fly over Chichén Itzá is to recognize with what measured order the designers of this kaleidoscopic city alternated weighted solids with open areas. Though certain sections of Chichén are Maya, much of it is Maya-Toltec, for during the eleventh century the Toltecs arrived as conquerors from Central Mexico and made Chichén Itzá their super-showplace. Maya influence, however, was never totally erased. The cross-pollination of these two cultures is a testament to the boundless creativity of indigenous American art. If the Maya were more subtle artists, the Toltecs were more adventuresome engineers. Maya buildings were basically rectangular and



Palenque—"All great Maya ruins are touched by magic, but Palenque more than most."

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Large carving, Palenque—"Maya architecture created dazzling, if garish effects."

Chichén Itza—"The Maya was obsessed with death. Grinning skulls parade in frantic processions."

compact. Related to the minor arts—in form to pottery design, in surface ornamentation to woven textiles—they show a strong monolithic emphasis. Columns and openings other than doors were rare. The Toltecs, in contrast, concentrated on oppositions of colonnade and wall, of space and form. With them, porches and pillars became more frequent. Everywhere open vistas challenged impenetrable masses.

Having visited Chichén Itzá more than thirty years ago, I returned last February to find it extensively restored and even mightier than I remembered. What stand out indelibly are its irrevocable order, its careful city planning, and, above all, two magnificent monuments — the Ball Court and the Castillo. The former, a compound found often in Middle American sites, was reputedly the setting for symbolic religious games. There exists no other Ball Court as large, as flawlessly resolved as the one at Chichén Itzá. In truth, I know of few outdoor areas that can offer such a breathtaking sweep of organized space. Nearby stands the Castillo, a familiar pyramid topped by a temple. But this structure is unique; it seems to soar, yet remains earthbound, a reminder that early American vision was at once cabalistic and pragmatic. I got my first view of the Castillo this trip from a hotel balcony some two miles away. In the sunset light the pyramid became a floating mirage. Largely unornamented, it is comparable to the Parthenon, though no two buildings could differ more diametrically. What they share is the impact of perfect proportions and meticulous restraint.

Esthetically superior, at least for me, to any pyramid in the New World or Egypt, the Castillo is built solidly over an earlier structure. This stacking of architecture is a familiar oddity on the Yucatán Peninsula. Wherever modern excavation permits, it is possible to investigate the inner temple as well as the outer one. And for that matter, there are often more than two structural levels. Uxmal's Pyramid of the Magician (so named because of a local myth) looks like a tribute to "the never-never land" as it builds up and out in an eccentric complex of five superimposed layers. Lacking bulldozers and rarely daunted by technicalities, the Maya architect resolutely filled in already existing temples, using the last one as a convenient support for the next. What remains today are visual genealogical cross sections of Maya history. The constant compulsion to obliterate the old with larger superimpositions was possibly related to the same obsession that forced the Maya to abandon their great cities at the peak of development. It was almost as if they deserted a supreme achievement before it could desert them.

Because Maya architecture was built in stages from period to period, it tended to be asymmetrical, its very inconsistencies providing a kind of unexpected fallibility. The temple on top of Chichén's Castillo is placed slightly to one side and is all the more interesting for it. The buildings that comprise the Nunnery quadrangle at Uxmal differ in dimensions and decorative motifs, but remain successfully integrated. It is this independence, this ability to exploit the accidents of life, that give Maya art a vitality sometimes lacking in other more formalized (and, let me add, more brutal) Mexican cultures.

The gods that preyed on the Maya were legion, but the most powerful were predictably representatives of rain, maize, sun, and death, though with Maya-Toltecs the plumed serpent always remained an ubiquitous totem. The rain god Chac, an understandably authoritative deity in arid Yucatán, very nearly became the leitmotiv of Maya architectural sculpture. Grotesque masks of Chac with long snakelike (or could it be lightning-like?) noses everywhere act as fanatical decorative images. Not even the twentieth century can surpass these deliberately abstracted symbols. On the Governor's Palace at Uxmal, masks of Chac are so interwoven that one design embraces another to create sinuous snakelike patterns winding through a complex frieze and finally intermeshing on the corners of the building in simulated columns. At Kabah, too, the exotic Temple of the Masks, which is literally covered from top to bottom with Chacs carved in high relief, puts modern surrealism to shame. For excessive extravagance, Kabah is unprecedented.

As John Stephens noted, Maya relief sculpture resembles stone mosaics, each separately carved piece contributing to the whole, but no single piece an entity in itself. Singularly enhanced by Yucatán's brilliant light, these decorative friezes at times approximate Near Eastern techniques in their coloristic precision. Ornament and structure intermingle with fertile exuberance. Doors metamorphose into the gaping jaws of gods, as sculpture and architecture join in supernatural orgies. And always, external design skillfully adapts itself to rectangular demands.

At Uxmal, the archaeologist César Saénz was directing restoration on the Pyramid of the Magician, when he unearthed two sensational finds this winter. Closely resembling the Reina de (Queen of) Uxmal—a much admired sculpture found earlier in the same pyramid and now on view in Mexico

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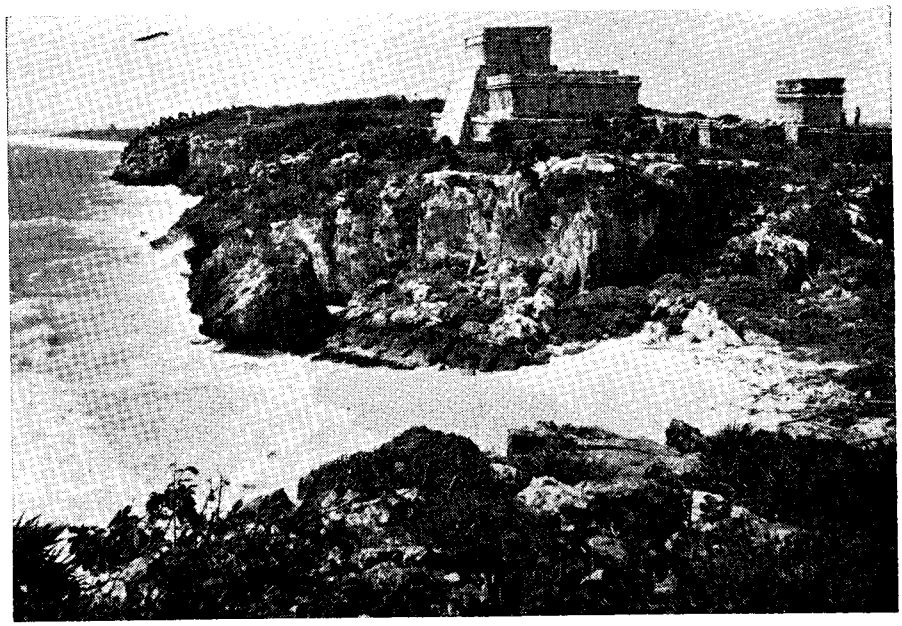
City's National Museum of Anthropology—the two carvings represent conventionalized serpents with human heads clutched in their open mouths, a Maya concept of man's origin, perhaps. But there is nothing queenlike about these sculptures, and, indeed, female figures rarely appear in official Maya art. Yet, from cemeteries on the island of Jaina off the coast of Campeche, from Mayapan and other sites come small ceramic figurines, often of women, that reveal a verve and informality, a realism and sensuality quite at odds with the hieratic symbolism we commonly associate with pre-Cortesian sculpture. Tiny images of nursing mothers, dancers, acrobats, and musicians all combine to prove that life among the Maya was not limited to occult priestly habits.

In stark contrast to these small clay figures, the huge plumed serpents of Chichén Itzá coil up and down stairway balustrades, their rattles and feathers triumphantly covering columns, walls, and doorways. The Maya-Toltecs, with almost Freudian insistence, reproduced the serpent everywhere, relating it both to semideified leaders and, more practically, to agriculture. They inflated its transcendental powers by adding the feathers of that rare and precious bird, the quetzal—a creature of jewel-like beauty. Despite images of lascivious eagles and tigers devouring human hearts, of open-jawed snakes girding to attack, these ancient people exalted to godship what they needed more than what they feared. Above all, they needed rain and other favorable conditions for the cultivation of corn, a crop on which their very lives depended.

If Middle American Indians were involved with water and maize as symbols of life, they were also irrevocably preoccupied with death. Grinning skulls interlaced with bones parade in frantic processions across their buildings. The tradition continues today. In Mérida's native market I paid 8 cents for one of the few handmade products not rendered obsolete by modern plastics — a leering papier-mâché skull closely identified with more accomplished versions of the past. The painter Carlos Mérida, who is part Maya, once observed that death was incidental in his country, but accidental in mine. At the moment, we had just witnessed the death of a young Indian, shot for stealing a chicken in a small Mexican town. Yet, death was never incidental for Carlos Mérida's ancestors; it was a major event even more consequential than birth. In fact, it was a logical continuation of birth, a concomitant of life that required ceaseless attention and prevention.

If the Maya was obsessed with death, he was equally obsessed with time, and possibly for the same reason. Calendar stones and stelae painstakingly record the dates of outstanding events. The here, the now, the past were all documented mathematically for the future; the Maya transformed the abstract idea of time into a positive fact. For him there were hours to plant and hours to reap; there were days to worship and days to die. But hours, days, and finite time were always ordered from above. Life, too, and death were controlled by whims of the gods. Only through the intervention of all-powerful deities could the Maya hope to survive in a land tormented by numberless hazards.

One day I flew across an endless sea of jungle to reach the Caribbean and the only extant pre-Spanish walled city on the Yucatán Peninsula. It is Tulum, a marvelous stronghold of gray stone ruins from the Maya-Toltec period. Gone is the original painted stucco finish; gone, too, most of the frescoes that ornamented this architecture. But on the inner temple of one small building, a group of chastely drawn gods, serpents, flowers, fruit, and ears of corn recall the highly controlled hands that created the Maya codices. Though these frescoes have been somewhat restored, they are fast disintegrating in Tulum's damp heat. And with the codices gone, Yucatán can ill-afford to lose further Maya paintings.

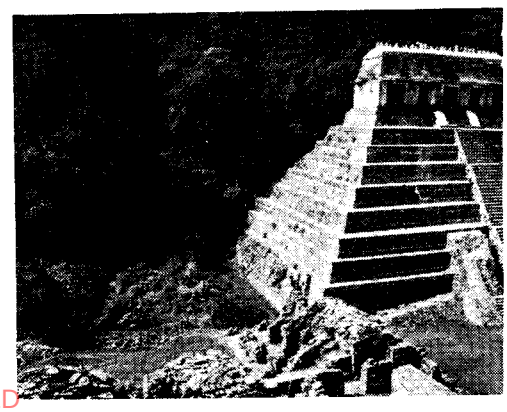


Tulum, view from Caribbean—"the only extant pre-Spanish walled city on the Yucatán Peninsula."

At Tulum, new questions nagged us. Why was this particular city walled? Why are its temple doors so low that only a dwarf could pass through them comfortably? And why was the site so involved with the Descending God, a winged deity forever plunging earthward? Almost every building honors this image which has been associated with the setting sun, but more often with the bee, an insect of importance both for its honey and its wax. In the museum at Mérida, I recall a terracotta sculpture of the Descending God holding what looked like a honeycomb. In Tulum, there on the sea, a humble diving creature seems to have taken precedence over water and corn, over jaguar, serpent, and eagle.

It is these interminable puzzles that make Maya art a web of chimerical conjecture. All is speculative, especially those thousands of unexplored mounds. In Yucatán, what we do not know is as engrossing as what we do.

Temple of the Inscriptions, Palenque—"For the first time, scholars realized the pyramids of Latin America were not merely elevated bases for temples."



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Georg Gerster, Rapho-Guillumette, bottom page 14, bottom page 15, bottom page 17; Herbert Lanks, PIX, top page 15; Mexican Government Tourism Department, top page 17; Mexican National Tourist Council, pages 12, 13, top page 14; Monkmeyer, right page 16; State Museum of Villahermosa pages 11, 12, left page 16.

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ONE HELLUVA WAY TO RUN A RAILROAD

Or: Will "the vanishing American" ever again find happiness riding the rails?

by ELMO ROPER

I might as well begin by admitting that I am a man of peculiar tastes in transportation. In the first place, I like to relax when I am going somewhere, which immediately puts me in the oddball corner. I also like to be able to get up and walk around in transit, without interrupting the transit. I like to eat at my leisure, at a time of my choice, and I prefer to sit at a table when I do so. I even enjoy looking at scenery! And I like at least a relative degree of safety while I travel. In short, I like to ride the railroads. I realize that all this puts me seriously out of step with most of my contemporaries, who seem to prefer to be jammed in somewhere and hustled to their destinations with their eyes either on the road or on the clouds. In fact, the other day I read an ad which described me as "the vanishing American."

This description was interesting, but even more interesting was the source —*a railroad*! It seemed a little odd that a railroad was spending its hard-earned (or hard-lost?) money to convince me that I am obsolete, and, in effect, was saying, "Get lost, brother." I had heard, as has everyone else, that railroads have come upon hard times, and I decided to find out just what railroads were up against, and how good my chances were of their survival. Some of the things I discovered I had suspected, but others came as a surprise; together they made up a picture of the railroads that differed considerably from the image that is currently popular.

The current characterization of the plight of railroads vis-à-vis passengers runs something like this: Railroad passenger service is a hopelessly uneconomic operation for three principal reasons: 1) people don't want to ride railroads any more; 2) competitive forms of transportation such as airlines and highways benefit from subsidies and tax advantages which railroads do not have; and 3) unions have forced on the railroads inefficient and expensive labor practices and regulations. The inevitable conclusion: Railroad passenger service is obsolete, and most of it will eventually have to disappear.

This is the picture, and it contains some elements of truth. But if one goes a little further, a very different picture emerges. To put it bluntly, it is a picture of railroad management actively engaged in the process of digging its own grave—or at least the grave of passenger service. To begin with, one of the reasons people don't want to ride the railroads any more is that railroads are actively discouraging them from doing so. Trains are dirty, stations are poorly maintained, and the number of ticket windows is often reduced so that one has to stand endlessly in line to buy a ticket, or they are closed down completely when one arrives. The quality of food has gone down, while prices for it have gone up. There is virtually no promotion or advertising of passenger service; in fact, it is not uncommon to read ads like the one I ran across suggesting that those who persist on riding the rails are curious relics of a bygone era. Under such circumstances, it is a wonder, not that there aren't more of us, but that there are any railroad passengers left at all.

It is true that railroads are at a competitive disadvantage with highways and airlines, because they own and are taxed on their facilities, while highway and air facilities are paid for by public agencies, which are not fully reimbursed by "user charges." Railroads have made efforts to get their taxes reduced—which, in view of the pressures on localities to produce more tax revenue, have little chance of succeeding—but they have shown a marked resistance to more imaginative approaches to the problem. For example, the suggestion has been made that the Government acquire fixed railroad facilities and lease them back to the railroads, thus eliminating their tax disadvantages at a stroke. This proposal is greeted by railroad management with horror, out of a fear of losing their right to run their own railroad, or worse, of losing the right to make profits from their real estate holdings by *means other than transportation.*

With regard to labor practices, it is again true that shortsighted union demands have contributed to make feasible passenger runs into money losers. Yet, in some cases, management has been more shortsighted than labor. When diesel power made firemen superfluous, labor saw what was coming and bargained hard to keep firemen on the new trains. Management took diesel power less seriously, expecting it to be limited to a few high-speed routes, and so gave in to labor's demands. And while the railroads later got the firemen eliminated from the cab of most freight locomotives, they have failed to fight for that reform on what they seem to consider the already moribund passenger trains.

What becomes evident in a study of railroad developments over the last few decades is that railroad management has consistently resisted change, held back on innovations, and has viewed new transportation developments as threats rather than opportunities. It has reacted like the carriagemakers who smugly scoffed at that transitory, noisy, and undependable invention, the motorcar, and who preferred to go down like the dinosaur rather than branch out into the automobile business. When trucks began to make inroads into railroads' freight business, the predominant response of railroad management was to fight them tooth and nail by lobbying for restrictive legislation—instead of adding supplementary truck operations to make their own freight operations more efficient. Now the railroads would love to go into the trucking business, but they probably won't be permitted, partly because of the not unrealistic suspicion that they would use this privilege not to improve transportation service, but to cripple independent truckers through a price war the railroads could afford but the truckers couldn't.

Further examples of this shortsightedness are easy to find. For years, railroads kept on cooling perishables by stopping at intervals to pour ice into the tops of the cars; they didn't switch to mechanical refrigeration until trucks ran circles around them. Railroads are currently taking pride in their new innovation, "piggyback" service, in which highway trailers and other containers can travel across long distances hitching rides on various railroads along the way. But this "new innovation" was first experimented with in the 1920s, and one reason it didn't get out of the railroad yards is that by the 1930s Pennsylvania and New York Central (who have since gotten together rather

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uneasily) insisted on each using containers that could not be interchanged with the other's. This forced other railroads to make a choice between the two systems, or to invest in duplicate facilities, or to forget about the whole thing. Not surprisingly, under Depression conditions, most of them took the last option, and the implementation of this "great new innovation" had to wait another twenty years.

It should, therefore, have come as no surprise that after twenty-five months of study prior to the merger of the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, the incompatibility of their two computer systems had been completely overlooked—making for some real problems.

One of the things the "piggyback" story illustrates is that railroads have failed to make one basic leap of imagination: They still tend to operate as if their competitors were not airlines, trucks, buses, and cars, but other railroads. They are reluctant to pool and coordinate operations, even when it is clearly to their economic advantage, or to eliminate wasteful duplication of services. Even though they are now permitted to cooperate in many ways, most railroad management is paralyzed by a fear that the beneficiary of streamlining operations might be *another railroad*. All too often it is a case of incompetent management fearing other incompetent management.

And so instead of facing modern transportation realities and coming up with imaginative ways of adapting to them, the typical answer of the railroads is to do away with passenger service and raise freight rates. I think there are a number of reasons for not permitting them to do this. First, there is a real need for railroad passenger service — especially on medium-distance runs between large cities. No one who has recently spent hours in a holding pattern over an airport in an attempt to get to a city a few land-hours away should question this need. Nor should anyone who has inched his way to an airport—or to his destination—by means of automotive crawl. The increasing congestion of our highways and airways between metropolitan centers makes it daily more evident that we need more than one kind of transportation to keep America on the move. We need all the kinds we can get—planes, autos, buses, *and* the railroads. The fact that the New York-Washington Metroliner, which is clean, comfortable, and serviced by courteous and pleasant people, and which cuts the train trip from four to two-and-a-half hours, has been practically sold out since its inception, is another evidence of the attractiveness of train travel when trains are convenient and well run. For many travelers, air travel has lost its novelty and, with it, some of its glamour. In the years to come, people will be looking more coolly at alternative forms of travel, making more realistic comparisons of the time, money, convenience, and comfort involved in the various ways of getting where they're going.

The need for a railroad network in times of national emergency, for such purposes as the movement of troops, is another reason for keeping railroad passenger service alive. And then there are the eccentrics like me. Who knows, there may even be more of us in years to come, if someone makes an effort to woo us instead of making us feel like the orphans of the rails.

Not only is there a clear *need* for the continuance of passenger service, railroads have a clear *duty* to provide it. It should be remembered that railroads still have a monopoly on much freight transportation, and that at their inception received substantial governmental assistance. The right of eminent domain was exercised in their behalf; land grants were received. In return for these and other benefits, railroads have a responsibility to provide services that are useful to people —as well as hogs.

This is not to make light of the real financial problems railroads face. More government subsidies, loans, or forms of tax relief should be made available. But the big change must come in the *minds* of railroad managements. Right now, their operations are a casebook in how to go broke—how to *not* succeed by trying hard *not* to succeed! Managements must turn their attention away from the search for ways to get out of the business of hauling passengers to the search for ways to make passenger service attractive and profitable. (There are, of course, some efficient and forward-looking railroad presidents—but not many; certainly less than in any other industry of the same size.)

I suppose that the managements of really well-run industries — such as petroleum, timber, and life insurance—could, in the next fifty years, succeed in making those industries unsuccessful, too, if they tried hard enough and took enough hints from the management of railroads over the past fifty years.

If railroad managements do not wake up and adapt their practices to the needs of the traveling public, there is really only one alternative. Undesirable as it is, as a last resort the only way to save the trains for the people will be to turn them over to the Government. Government-owned railroad service in a number of foreign countries (Japan, Britain, France, and others) is far superior to ours; if railroads operating on a private, profit basis can't make a go of it here, Government can and must. (There is already some sentiment for this among influential members of the U.S. Senate.)

It shouldn't have to come to that. If railroad management can break out of thinking that is trapped in the past and find ways to intelligently approach the problems of the present and future, mavericks like me—as well as the traveling public as a whole—will be well served.

"After 10 years, Ralph, I should think you'd give up trying to rhyme 'orange'."

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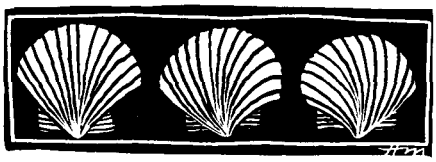
Attacking Hunger in a New Way

In the continuing battle against world hunger, most fundamental of all the issues of our time, two factors have been prominent: an attempt to introduce better methods of increasing the food supply, particularly in underdeveloped areas; and some means of controlling an ever rising number of mouths to feed. Recently, the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations revealed a third factor of equal importance. The staggering statistics of world food loss through spoilage, waste, erosion, pests, and careless storage suggest to the FAO that a third side to the fateful triangle may become the most important of all if we are to prevent world-wide famine in another generation.

The FAO's report is contained in a U.N. booklet *Food Losses, the Tragedy . . . and Some Solutions,* just published, and the facts speak for themselves. Annual loss from weeds, pests, and plant disease, for example, reaches in Latin America alone the staggering level of 40 per cent of the total crop, while in the middle of Africa half of the sorghum has been eaten away by insects during a single year's storage. Similarly, an enormous amount of rice is lost every season in Asia because farmers don't find it worth their while to dry the rice—losses are estimated by the FAO at three million tons each year. Mishandling of food in storage and transit also causes grievous waste. For instance, birds pecking holes into grain bags have ruined up to three-fourths of the contents; other local predators, such as rats and locusts, have taken their toll. Spoilage and spillage from improper packing account for further losses.

The new FAO report estimates that 15 per cent of the world's agricultural land is affected by water and wind erosion. In Somalia, for instance, nine farms out of ten have been eroded or are threatened by rushing water. In these cases, antique irrigation methods defeat the purposes for which they were intended. The Sahara Desert, already a vast wasteland, is steadily eating into arable areas along its 4,500-mile southern perimeter. Over the past half century, this desert encroachment has advanced at a rate up to 10 kilometers each year, in part because of overgrazing and the burning of pastures to speed fresh growth. But, in the end, the desert will take over and what was arable will no longer sustain life, either human or animal. Similarly, forest fires and the burning of woodlots to clear land for subsistence farming have by now exposed at least 30 per cent of the world's exploitable soils to infertility and erosion. In Africa, at least 250 million acres of tropical forest have disappeared in this way, while in Asia and Latin America 13-to-25 million acres of forests are destroyed annually, to the detriment of local food sources.

The list of disasters that can befall the world's food supply is virtually endless, disregarded with reckless prodigality while tens of millions of people go hungry or ill-fed. But one organization, the FAO, is, as always, doing something about it. Tree-planting against erosion, for example, has given jobless men work in Algeria, where some 30,000 workers, paid in part from the U.N.'s World Food Program, have in five short years planted 50 million trees to stem the loss of arable land. In Turkey, where overgrazing had by 1960 turned 50,000 acres of once good land into desert and Turkish authorities were on the point of evacuating 13,000 people, an FAO-sponsored town-saving was put into effect with what has been described as the world's largest wind-erosion control program. First, 150 miles of windbreaks—millions of strong canes tightly bound with wire—were laced along the perimeter of the desert. Quick-spreading rye grass was planted behind them, wells were dug, and roads laid—in a single decade new life has sprung from wasteland. In the Pacific, two experiments have been carried out with U.N. help, using in one case monitor lizards and in the other Japanese weasels, both predatory foes of rats. The lizards didn't work out, partly because they also killed wild birds, land and coconut crabs, and even chickens. But the Japanese weasels have proved so effective in the Ryukyu Islands that rat damage has been largely eliminated and crop returns are up 20 per cent. In Ghana, an FAO food-storage specialist showed villagers how, by using only a slightly different kind of structure from the traditional platform raised on wooden legs, metal shields could be fitted to the legs to keep rats at bay while wire mesh slides allow air to circulate, minimizing rot. If this were adopted throughout Ghana, at least 20,000 tons—one-tenth of the country's entire production of maize—would be saved. In Korea, farmers spent almost two years building an earth dam two miles long which has not only protected them from the rain-swollen Naktong River but has tripled their yields of lush rice, barley, wheat, and vegetables.



The help the average underdeveloped farm needs can come only from an international agency like the FAO, which is stepping up its already considerable war against food loss. Control of waste has now been adopted by the World Food Program as one of five key drives to be stressed by the FAO. In a world of militant insanity, it is reassuring to know that an organization as large as the FAO is quietly struggling toward human aspiration in the war against hunger, the biggest story of our time. That the United Nations reaps vicarious credit is all the more heartening. —R.L.T.

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Letters to the Editor

More on the Oily Waters

I CANNOT REFRAIN from reacting as a professional to the comments [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, *SR*, June 7] of Assistant Professor H. Gary Knight of Louisiana State University, a lawyer, and biology teacher Garrett Hardin ["Finding Lemonade in Santa Barbara's Oil," *SR*, May 10] on the Santa Barbara oil pollution situation, as they claim to understand it. Their analyses start with a fallacious major premise: that it is impossible to operate offshore, in the Santa Barbara channel or anywhere else, without pollution as an essential concomitant. This is manifestly untrue, and all of their discussion becomes pointless rhetoric. Your correspondents apparently are unaware of the actual and practical economics and technology of the oil industry. They proceed from the basic assumption that it is evil.

Oil blowouts have been prevented in the past—more than 1,110 wells have been drilled off Santa Barbara County without creating a hazard. But natural leakage of oil has been taking place for generations. Oil blowouts can be prevented in the future. The reasons for the single regrettable incident are known, and safeguards can be readily devised. The presidential investigating committee has already recommended guidelines for safe resumption of operations.

Be assured that the offshore oil is needed (or the same companies would operate elsewhere, at less risk and with less expense); that cost to the consumer and loss of national self-sufficiency would result if it were discarded; and that the wreck of a single inbound oil tanker in all probability would create a far greater pollution hazard than any single offshore well disaster.

FRANK B. CONSELMAN,
President,
American Association of
Petroleum Geologists,
Abilene, Tex.

Alchemist Outfoxed

MARGARET R. WEISS in "Fox Talbot in Facsimile" [*SR*, May 24] hints at but fails to recognize Renaissance man Talbot's greatest accomplishment, namely the discovery of the philosopher's white stone or elixir sought by alchemists for more than ten centuries: "The sodium chloride crystals were reduced to silver on exposure to light . . . ."

Eureka!

J. S. FURBUSH,
Allied Chemical Corp.,
Hopewell, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Miss Weiss replies: "Our chemical shorthand shortchanged our readers. The sentence in question should have been expanded to read: 'The silver chloride crystals thus formed (by the interaction of sodium chloride and silver nitrate) were reduced to silver.'"*

Stillbirth Renaissance

IN HIS GENERALLY perceptive essay "The Revolt of the Diminished Man" [*SR*, June 7], Archibald MacLeish asks for a rebirth of belief in man. But it is unfortunate that he utilizes an essentially late-Victorian characterization of the Renaissance vis-à-vis the Middle Ages.

Was the orthodox, medieval doctrine of the Fall (not, after all, the sixteenth-century Calvinist version) as "demeaning" as MacLeish supposes? One might as well call the *Divine Comedy* demeaning. And was the Renaissance such a thoroughly "new beginning"—unless one plays the game of pushing the Renaissance ever further back in time toward the Greco-Roman world that is supposed to have inspired it?

What we find in many of the greatest Renaissance humanists—Petrarch, Pico, Erasmus, and Vives, and in the later literary flowering among Englishmen such as Spenser, Hooker, Herbert, and Milton—is a conviction that man fulfills himself in working out the practical secular implications of his duty to God. The humanism that denied this service declined soon enough into arid naturalism or mere mechanism. There is a greater sense of man's nobility in Herbert's vision of the Temple (or, for that matter, in one small poem like "The Collar") than in Francis Bacon's vision of Solomon's House.

We are perhaps no more likely to achieve a new religious humanism in the twentieth century than we are a new Burckhardtian Renaissance, but while we are busy prescribing world views for ourselves we might as well order one that will satisfy the soul's need for knowledge and service of the Godhead.

ROBERT P. ELLIS,
Assistant Professor of English,
Worcester State College,
Worcester, Mass.

Pointed Poetics

I'm now reading slower
Instead of faster;
A pox upon
Your 8-point Aster.

FRED GALBRAITH,
Arlington, Va.

"Look—the big board!"

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Robert Lewis Shayon

Who Will Cry Havoc?

DURING THE DEBATES on the Radio Act of 1927, a Congressman named Johnson said: "The power of the press will not be comparable to that of broadcasting stations when the industry is fully developed. . . . If the strong arm of the law does not prevent monopoly ownership . . . American thought and American politics will be largely at the mercy of those who operate these stations." How ironic that Congress, which passed the 1927 act and thereby laid the foundation for the present structure of broadcasting, should be, forty-two years later, the instrument that will almost certainly fulfill Representative Johnson's prophecy!

At this writing, more than fifty-six Congressmen and one Senator (with eighteen other Senators as cosponsors) have each introduced identical versions of a bill that grants virtual property rights in perpetuity to broadcast licensees. The new legislation, as introduced by Senator John O. Pastore, would forbid the FCC, in a license renewal proceeding, to consider the application of any person other than the incumbent licensee, unless the latter has been already denied renewal. This is comparable to saying that you can't elect a new officeholder until the incumbent has been impeached. The power of the broadcasters is such that every observer of the communications scene expects that the bill will be voted into law, possibly this summer. It will slam the door on competitive bidders for broadcast franchises, as well as disintegrate the recent efforts by citizen groups to seek a voice in the FCC's disposition of the airwaves.

According to communications law, licensees may be granted only "the use of such channels, but not the ownership thereof . . . for limited periods of time." A renewal application (every three years) now automatically triggers a comparative hearing when a challenger files a technically correct, substantive application for the same channel. Several such significant challenges have been filed recently in a number of areas, and this is why Congress, at the behest of the National Association of Broadcasters, is hurrying to put its finger in the dike.

Congress intended originally that the most able broadcasters should have the licenses, but the FCC, through the years, eroded this intent and "squatters rights" developed. The FCC and Congress later obliged the industry by allowing license-holders to sell their franchises to the highest bidder, without having to consider any other applicants. The United Church of Christ case — challenging the licensing of WLBT in Jackson, Mississippi, which discriminated against the black community — opened the door to citizen group action in renewals (the unanimous Appellate Court opinion was written by Warren Burger, the new Chief Justice of the Supreme Court).

In the more recent WHDH (Boston) case, the FCC took the license away from an incumbent and awarded it to a challenger. This rare show of activism inspired the aforementioned "filing on top" or "strike" applications by new business groups challenging incumbents. Broadcasters play games with champions of the public interest, so long as they merely make rhetoric or struggle along with meager resources; but when the industry feels its jugular vein threatened, it lowers the boom. The broadcast licenses, which the station owners get free from the public, are trafficked annually for tens of millions of dollars in an unending round of fat killings derived from tax write-offs via depreciation, a practice similar to oil depletion allowances. Open, competitive bidding would ruin the market. Who would pay millions for a license that had to come up for serious scrutiny every three years?

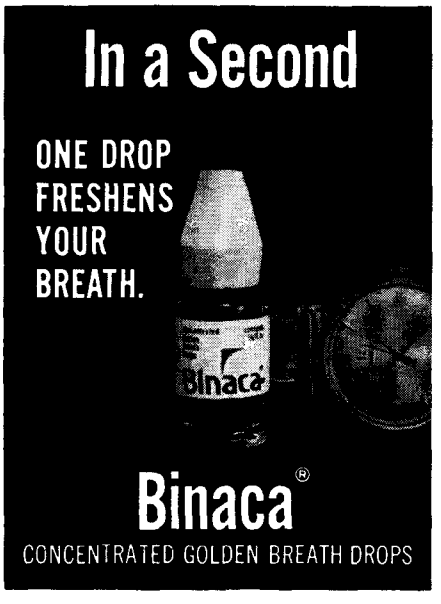
At the NAB convention in March, President Vincent Wasilewsky proposed the legislation that is now being pushed through the Congress. Senator Pastore, at the convention, stated his "deep-seated conviction that public service is not encouraged or promoted by placing the sword of Damocles over the heads of broadcasters . . ."

Senator Pastore has set July 15 and 16 for Senate hearings on his bill. His eighteen cosponsors are Democrats and Republicans along the whole political spectrum: Warren Magnuson (D-Wash.), chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee; Norris Cotton (R-N.H.), ranking minority member of the Commerce Committee; Mike Mansfield, Senate majority leader; and members of the Commerce Committee.

At the July hearings, the chairman of the FCC, Rosel Hyde, is expected to argue against the legislation. Proponents of the bill argue that it is really in the public interest to give the present license-holder "the benefit of the doubt warranted by his previous investment and experience." Also, they assert that broadcasters will cut back on expense to maximize revenue if their tenure as licensees is uncertain.

Supporters of the legislation also argue that at renewal time the burden of proof of service in the public interest will still be on the broadcaster. The record reiterates that it is the FCC that determines how the burden of proof shall be allocated, and, historically, the commission or its staff has placed that burden on the challenger, who rarely has access to the requisite evidence, which is safely in the hands of either the licensee or the FCC staff. Our Congressmen are stampeding to serve their local broadcasters; they have gotten word of the industry's "educational campaign." Each politician's destiny, of course, rests heavily on his image as projected by the broadcasters, who have the eyes and ears of his constituency, not only at campaign time but all through his term of office. What Congressman or Senator will dare to vote against the bill? And if he runs again, which of his challengers at the polls will dare risk the disfavor of the broadcaster who has the power to shape his competing political image?

Congressman Johnson and his colleagues who wrote the Radio Act of 1927 sensed that they were fashioning a dangerous creature. Alas, they failed to cast themselves as Frankensteins. As for the press (largely crossbred now with the new media), it maintains a general, discreet silence. Who will cry havoc down the airwaves? It is but a subset of a familiar category: the power that runs the nation rests not in the public officials but in the shadows where the flow of ideas is controlled. Conspiratorial fantasy? Who owns the Brooklyn Bridge? When the bridge is sold, it is because no one comes forth to claim it.



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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

The Lost Movie

WITH MOVIES SO frequently lax about reflecting the contemporary scene, should we complain when one, such as *The Lost Man*, does so, with all its heart plainly concerned about being in the right place? The collaborators include, in this case, the estimable Sidney Poitier; another fine actor, Al Freeman, Jr.; and Joanna Shimkus, one of the most appealing of the newer young actresses. It was written by Robert Alan Aurthur, one of the best of that good crop of television writers that sprouted in the Fifties, and it represents his first try at film direction. The producers—Edward Muhl and Melville Tucker, of Universal's executive board—appeared to wish only that the strongest and most striking of racial dramas be brought to the screen. *The Lost Man* must be said to represent boldness, social concern, a willingness to face current problems head on.

Yet, it is at best a good try, and hardly a success as a film. Perhaps it is the very mechanics of film production that prove to be the obstacles. A carefully wrought script, no matter how professional the writer (of Aurthur's professionalism there is no doubt), requires at least six months of preparation, and often considerably longer. Casting and shooting time can take another six months, and few films emerge from cutting rooms and laboratories under six months after that. Preparation for release takes at least a few months more. Thus, what started out to be as hot as tomorrow's newspaper can wind up as stale as an item lifted from *The New York Times* morgue. It is to the credit of *The Lost Man* (and due, too, to the continuing urgency of the problems of black American communities) that its material seems as relatively fresh as it does.

Nevertheless, aside from its story deficiencies—which include stridency and heavy doses of melodrama and bathos—the film is defeated by new sets of circumstances. The black militants have lost much of the sympathy they may have had at one time. Assassinations, violence, student riots, and demonstrations that achieve little except television coverage have turned the stomach of the majority of Americans. And when Sidney Poitier, a striking figure as a militant moved to violence and crime to help the black cause, turned to robbery and, not altogether wittingly, to murder in the film, the sympathy for him is mixed, to say the least. Surely, Mr. Poitier can do no wrong, and yet he does, and we know it, and it is only the premise of the film that appears to speak to the contrary. Throughout, the police are referred to contemptuously as "pigs"—but that was last year, wasn't it?

True enough, *The Lost Man* tries hard to maintain a balance. Michael Tolan, as a chief of detectives in an unnamed city (Philadelphia was the filming location), efficiently does his duty, but he is not a bad guy. Miss Shimkus, a white socialite, is by both conviction and emotion attracted to Poitier's militancy. The teeming slum inhabited by the black citizens is shown in all its squalor. But, after a time, we simply fail to believe in the story and its premise. The headlines got there first, and the complexity of the real situation is all too apparent. The problem cannot be solved, or even remotely reflected, by this sort of simplistic treatment. And, surely, since the filmmakers spent many weeks in Philadelphia, they must have become aware of those complexities. Not all of the Negroes there live in slums. Not only is Philadelphia's crime rate staggering, but the statistics could hardly fail to show black participation.

Inevitably, in spite of what are presumably its high purposes, a film such as *The Lost Man* not only distorts, but actually fails to reflect. Good film drama comes first of all from believable, human characters, from a situation that is not necessarily current, but meaningful. Trying to be newsworthy, attempting to build a story from current facts and events, all too often becomes sensationalistic. The facts are too explosive, and honest drama requires that they be looked at whole and objectively. Very likely a better film would have resulted if Mr. Aurthur had not based his script on Frederick Laurence Green's novel, but had gone to Philadelphia—or some other city with similar problems—and studied the ground. Not having done so, he has hidden much of the truth from us, which includes both white and black corruption, ineptitude, crime, drug traffic, thievery, and honest attempts to alleviate a situation that cries out to all of us for honest, sober examination and effort.

Surely movies that will reach us and touch us are there for the making, but just as surely *The Lost Man* is not one of them.

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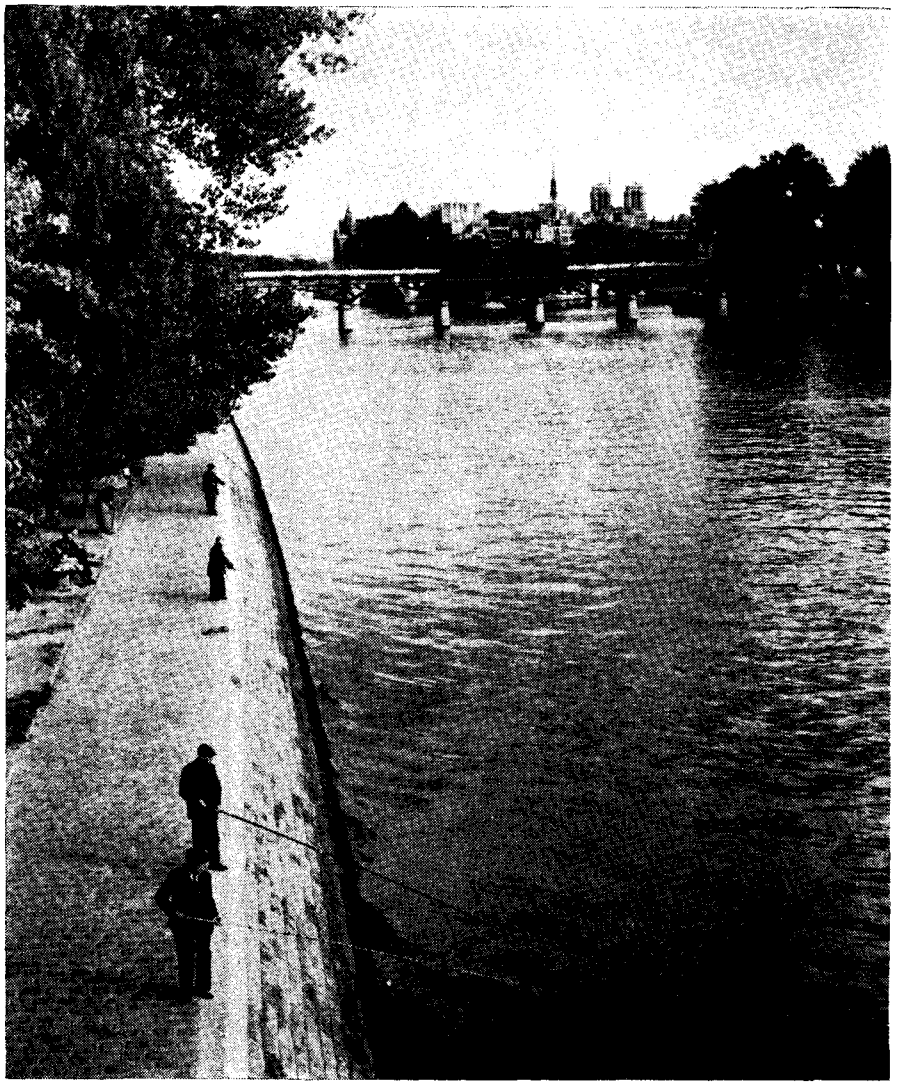

Down the Old Parisian Paths

JUST AS SUDDENLY as de Gaulle vacated the Elysée Palace, traveling American Francophobes have changed colors and turned into Francophiles. In some cases the metamorphosis has taken place overnight. The morning after de Gaulle's *adieu* message, one New York travel agency received six telephone calls from tourists already booked for European vacations who asked to have their itineraries torn up and rewritten to include a swing through France.

France was always the favorite way station of Grand Touring Americans, but in recent times it slipped a rung in popularity. For the first three months of 1968, United States Passport Office figures showed Italy taking the top. This year France is first again, and the old American-in-Paris haunts—Harry's Bar, the Bateaux-Mouches, Café de la Paix, the Lido — are filling up once more.

Of course de Gaulle alone can't be blamed for shooing away the Yankee traveler. More often, perhaps, the culprit has been a haughty concierge, a brusque waiter, an avaricious cab driver, as more and more tourists lug back tales of how they were flimflammed by the French. Such lamentations have seldom fetched my sympathy: Paris seems too good a place to be ruined by a slight or a snub. Does that sound naïve? Have I been taken in by Paris itself? Should not a man be so high on the headiness that is Paris that he doesn't bother to calculate the change in his hand against the bill he's just paid?

Not even a siege of late spring rain was enough to dull a long weekend in Paris last month. If anything, the city seemed to thrive on the inclemency. The horse chestnut trees smelled of sudden bloom, the Seine looked fresh and brisk, and, perhaps strangest of all, the people were as friendly as Copenhageners. Yes, I too have been a victim of the broadly circulated fiction that Parisians chew Lincoln pennies for breakfast. Before leaving New York, I had heard a variation on the lie from a well traveled Canadian who sought to cushion me for the assault by insisting that Frenchmen don't merely dislike Americans, they dislike each other. It was good to know I was starting off on an even footing.

There is a strong temptation for travelers to try to pigeonhole a country or people in order to gain a clearer, quicker perspective, but the whole business seems foolhardy and not a little fractious. An American friend of mine who lives in Paris suggested, as another variation, that the French like Americans more than they like the English. This I had provoked by describing a confrontation earlier in the day with a French woman and her teenage niece.

I was in the Place Vendôme staring through the drizzle at the column built of cannons that Napoléon salvaged at Austerlitz, when the woman stopped and asked directions to the Rue Ponchet. I told her in pidgin French that I didn't know the street but suggested we could pool our pathfinding skills and locate it on my map. So the three of us bent over the unwieldy sheet, big as a drawing board, while the rain pattered down. It turned out we were all heading in the same direction, so we walked together, the ingenue smiling and silent, her aunt and I straining to bridge chasms of cultural and lingual understanding.

"*Anglais?*" she asked. "*Non, Américain,*" I said pithily. "*Ah, formidable,*" she sang out, as though boosting my international rating five points. When we reached the corner where we were to part, the woman hung on. She talked about her nephew who is working in Houston and her son who writes for *Paris Match* and would be glad to provide me with all sorts of material if I would join them the next day. I told her I was leaving in the morning, but she wrote down her address on my notebook in case I returned.

"Typical," said my friend when I'd finished the story. "The French see the Americans as more heroic and more dashing than the English. They're more excited about Apollo than any Americans I know." Late that night we were in a bistro on the Left Bank standing at the bar joshing with two tipsy Africans when a Frenchman interrupted, speaking slightly accented English, and proposed a solemn toast to *Apollo 10*. "Good Lord, did they crash?" asked my

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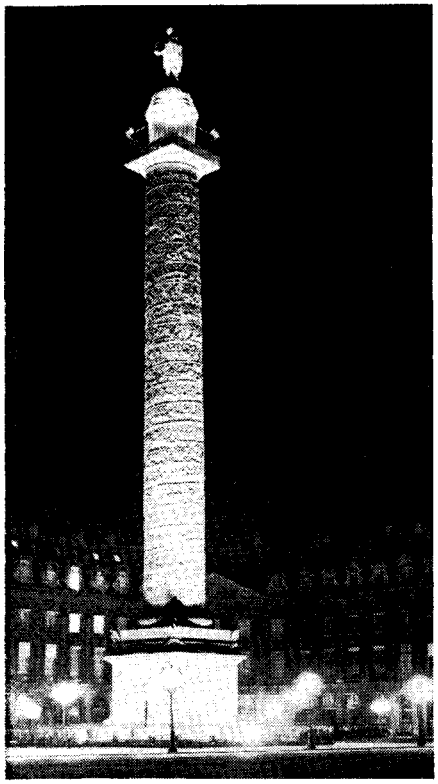
friend. "No, no. To their continued success."

French waiters I found cooperative and relaxed, despite advertisements to the contrary. If I may indulge in the rating game, French waiters in New York are far surlier than those in Paris. The harshest one I saw was at the Café de la Paix near the Opéra, a mostly American outpost which also attracts famous people of other lands. Dali, Callas, Chagall, and Truman all have paused to watch the passing scene. De Gaulle has stayed away in recent decades, though he was seen ordering a cold plate to take out on August 25, 1944, the day Paris was liberated.

I was reading the London *Times* (before being tipped off to the advantage of looking American) when the waiter came with my order. One after the other he slammed down before me a glass of *orange pressée*, a silver cup of sugar, and a surplus container of ice. When I paid up, he rained down the change like poker chips. I nearly had him catalogued until he approached a French woman seated nearby and performed the same tympanic racket on her tabletop.

I fared better with other waiters by using no props, no pretensions. At La Grille, a restaurant in Les Halles which serves fine and not expensive *cuisine bourgeoise*, I was so flushed with the wine, food (*escargots extraordinaires*), the understated service and décor, the pretty blonde artist moving from table to table selling her water colors, that I regaled the waiter with snatches of



Place Vendôme—debt to Napoléon.

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French gratitude as he held the door. On the street I asked my American friend if the waiter's smiles had been appreciative or mocking. "Oh, he loved it. That's the advantage of being a tourist. You can say anything if it's pleasant and well meant. I live here so I have to play a little at being bored."

It's easy to ridicule tourists who follow only the well-worn routes, who say in effect, "In Paris, do as the Americans do," and yet some of the most unabashedly commercial attractions are worth a try. The Lido, for example, proved to be a uniformly entertaining variety show, bawdy but not obscene, repetitive but not boring. If you go to the first show, you are served a very un-French dinner before the action starts on stage. I would rate the fare high-grade Jaycee banquet: a single plate crowded with a piece of chicken, beans, tomato, potato, followed by a dish of ice cream which the waiters are quick to sweep away so as to keep pace with the Lido's metronomic schedule. Then a stage rises out of the floor, a crew of workmen rush out to swab the surface, music blares from the balcony. The scene on stage shifts so fast — from cyclists, to jugglers, to topless dance routines, to a magic show, to a fiery *adagio* act—that the spectators tend to ignore glasses of champagne turning warm and flat before them. I don't know that it's worth $20, but the capacity crowds seem to think so.

Of an opposite tempo is a Bateau-Mouche river excursion. The prototype, a rickety but charming boat, was launched more than 100 years ago, cruised the Seine until 1936, and then disappeared for thirteen years, to be replaced in 1949 by today's Plexiglass-covered launches seating 600. In 1966 I lolled on the *quais* and laughed as the hippies shouted "Capitalists!" at the passengers gliding by in the red and white boats. For $12 you too can be a capitalist. That's the price of a three-hour dinnertime cruise, which pushes off from the Pont de l'Alma on the Right Bank at dusk and floats up and down the Seine as night falls over the city and the lights come on to illuminate the bridges, monuments, buildings, and trees. You can't help gaping. Paris at night, even behind a scratched Plexiglass dome, is an awesome sight. In fact, I got so swept up in the splendor, with an assist from the wine, that I turned to one of my companions, a Frenchman named Lucien, and asked: "If you had an hour to see Paris and never see it again, where would you go?" He got a little misty and finally said, "I would go to the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel. Or maybe the Ile de la Cité. It is very romantic, just to sit. Yes, I think I would have a half hour at each."

"Not now! I'll call him back later."

If Paris owes its beauty to a single person, it would be Napoléon. This is the 200th year since the Emperor's birth on Corsica, an event the French are observing all year long, with uniform respect if not adulation. Lucien, for one, doesn't particularly admire Napoléon because he doesn't admire warriors, but he recognizes and appreciates Napoléon's legacy to Paris —the pavements, *quais*, cemeteries, open markets, and fountains.

Napoléon's tomb in the Invalides draws an almost endless flow of visitors. Behind it is probably the best war museum in the world, stocked with every military implement used by man through World War I, but not many after that.

As I looked down over a circular railing at the Emperor's tomb, a pretty French tour guide was delivering her canned message to a flock of American (or at any rate, English-speaking) tourists. Then she shunted them to the side and gathered a smaller group of Germans. She repeated the order above the tomb of Napoléon II who is buried just across the hall from his father. Speaking to the Germans, she mentioned the name of Hitler, eliciting no particular reaction. Afterward I asked her what part Hitler played in her spiel, and she said it was he who was responsible for bringing back the remains of Napoléon II from Vienna in 1940. "The Germans very much admire Napoléon," she said. In December Napoléon II's ashes will be moved to lie beside the body of the Emperor, an event that will mark the 165th anniversary of Napoléon I's coronation at Notre Dame. "Maybe then we will have room for de Gaulle," she said.

She called her flock and sent them across the street to take a coffee break in an outdoor café. Descending the steps of the Invalides, she described the woes of a tour guide. "This morning I took them to Versailles, and I lost a Japanese tourist in the garden. I told the group to meet in ten minutes, and he didn't come back. We had to leave without him." She said the job has taught her to distinguish one nationality from the next by dress and physical appearance. Even regions of a country are discernible to her. "I can tell a Californian anywhere," she said. "Oh, yes?" I said. "How is that?" "Well, they have dark complexions and dark hair."

I was about to inform her that *all* Californians have fair skin and sun-bleached hair, but we were interrupted by two of her group, middle-aged American women, who complained that the waiter shortchanged them on a purchase of two ice cream bars, and the guide was off to mediate. —D. B.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

A Poetic Epic

BERGEN, NORWAY.

THIS ANCIENT TOWN, sprawling by the sea and framed by soaring mountains, cherishes its buildings, its music, its lore, all of which span nine hundred years. But it is also, and long has been, the site of innovations; Edvard Grieg made new music here, and Edvard Munch shocked the world of art with the raw emotions, the almost psychedelic fantasy of his paintings. Norway, too, is famed for its drama—a theater with a history of adventure and protest.

At this year's Bergen International Festival—the seventeenth—Norway's arts came together in potent conjunction for an expression of "total theater" in a magnificent new creation called *Mot Solen* ("Towards the Sun"), a scenic poem inspired by both the life and the art of Munch. Edith Roger (pronounced "ROW-gher") and Barthold Halle wrote the manuscript (based to a great extent on Munch's prose poems) and directed this ninety-minute theater piece, with Miss Roger doing all the choreography. The score —his first for dance theater—is by Alfred Janson, a thirty-two-year-old composer who has already made his mark as a composer of incidental music for plays and as a jazz musician. Guy Krogh designed the décor, Sverre Bergh led the orchestras, and the projections of the Munch paintings and drawings were accomplished by Miroslav Pflug.

This multi-media masterpiece — pit music, singing chorus on stage, actors, dancers, projections (shifting pictures, as theme dictates, seen either on a back-drop, a translucent front-screen, or both)—has an uninterrupted, cumulatively hypnotic sweep to it, as it moves, without interruption by the usual intermission, toward destruction and, with it, new birth.

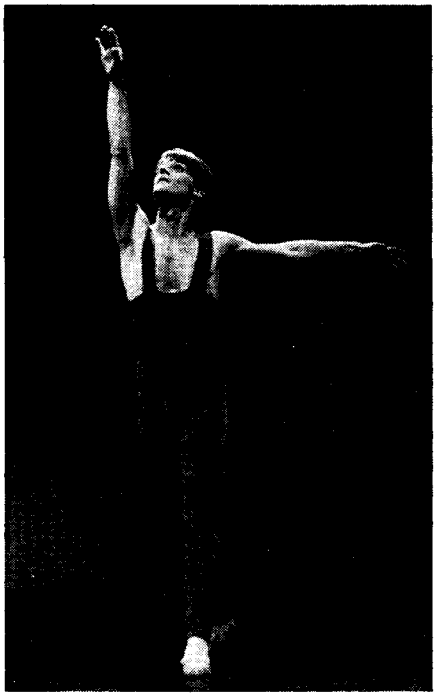
The opening lines (Munch's own words) were translated for me by Eva Krövel, dance critic for Oslo's *Aftenposten*, a major Norwegian newspaper:

> The earth loved the air,
> The air, slowly through the ages,
> devoured it.
> And the earth itself became air
> And the air became earth. . . .
>
> The trees stretched their branches
> toward the sky
> And ate air.
> The trees, freed of earth, loosened
> from it,
> And became human beings.

At the close of the work, he says,

> Everything is light,
> Everything is movement.

Miss Roger's choreography is truly the movement that Munch must have envisioned—the movement present in his words, the movement captured by his paintings. Yes, you will find the tools of ballet, of modern dance, or of dramatic gesture present; she has made them into a single language to convey



Jens Graff in the danced epic "Towards the Sun"—the ability to extend the vibrations of a movement or gesture beyond the confines of the body itself.

the elements of this "scenic poem." *Mot Solen* begins, for example, with patterns in which girls and boys in pairs, pressed body-to-body and lying on the floor, move in wavelike constancy, perhaps like tropisms, like evolving life forces.

Out of this is born the human being, and we are introduced to the most elemental of social units—mother-father-child. As the drama unfolds, the protective touch, presence, concern of the two adults for the boy (realized in a poignant dance for three) slowly withdraws: the mother, perhaps, in death; the father through the passage of time. An independent being, terribly young and vulnerable, is exposed to groups of gay, happy, jazzy, carefree teen-agers; but he is also affected by a group of men and women, in black Victorian dress, who march back and forth with self-righteous propriety (except that the men take time to ogle and slobber a little over tempting girls) reiterating, "Correct! Correct!"

The first romance is seen as an experience in shy tenderness and curiosity. As it fades, there is loneliness, and the Munch paintings shift character to the hues, lines, and distortions that mirror the heart's confusion and fears. There are erotic adventures, bright and harsh, which find the youth pulled by innocence and evil, by vitality and pleasurable decadence, by desire and uncertainty. Here, in both the Munch paintings and in dance movements and text, we are invited to share, emotionally, in a descent, or change, from naturalism and idealism to terrifying dis-

—Photos by Trygve Schoenfelder.

The acting chorus of "Towards the Sun" calls upon the hero and upon society to be "Correct! Correct!"

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tortions. A chorus of girls, in red toe shoes, materializes and uses these *pointes* as weapons which stab the floor, the space around them, and even the males themselves.

During the inexorable descent, aspirations and despair alternate; the real and the nightmare overlap and intermingle in something close to madness. To the viewer, the pathetic, living figure on stage becomes inseparable from the shrieking canvases projected onto the stage in frightening size, imprisoning the boy from front and back, and—because we can see him moving or halted behind the front drop—he and the paintings become one in something approaching raw madness.

Yet, at the close, there is air and earth and light. And there is the youth, or is it Munch? Or is it the figure of recurring life, alone and reaching out *mot solen*, "toward the sun"?

The performers, with perhaps two very minor exceptions, were excellent. There were eleven dancers, a chorus of eleven actors and singers, the Bergen Symphony Orchestra, and the Norwegian narrator (not seen), Georg Loekkeberg. In the dance troupe, the girls were exceptionally good-looking and technically strong, and the men were handsome, virile, and athletic. Both boys and girls were blessed with fluid body movements and a fine feel for the drama of movement. The star was a remarkable young artist, Jens Graff, a dancer with an almost perfect dance body, well formed, lithe, muscular without harshness, elastic yet completely controlled. His technique—with its high leaps, suspenseful balances, neatness of step and of body placements—and his ability to extend the vibrations of a movement or gesture beyond the confines of the body itself are characteristics of more than a dancer of ordinary skills. Graff is, indeed, brilliant, as both a dancer in terms of pure action and as an actor-dancer, a performer.

Surprisingly enough, Miss Roger, who is a director of drama and musicals at the National Theater in Oslo, and her frequent collaborator, Halle, don't have a dance company of their own. The one for *Mot Solen* was composed of dancers from various Norwegian ballets, but under the inspiration of a great work of theater, they performed as if they were Roger-Halle disciples.

When I was last here in Bergen about eight years ago for the festival, I happened to visit a rehearsal of *Haugtussa*, a staging with dance, narration, and music of an epic poem from Norwegian antiquity, a story with a Persephone-like theme. I don't remember what I saw at the Bergen Festival itself that year. But I never forgot the rehearsal of *Haugtussa*, staged by Miss Roger and Halle. It, as total theater rooted in the humus of legend, has stayed with me all these years, and it was because of this memory that I was determined to see *Mot Solen*. As you can see, I was not disappointed by a second Norwegian epic, this one the fruit of contemporary sources, which achieved triumphantly that form of total theater with which American artists, and choreographers in particular, are profoundly concerned.

I wish American theatergoers could experience (it's not just a matter of seeing or hearing) *Mot Solen*, though even if they could get to Bergen, performances are over. But it would make superb television fare in, say, a ninety-minute special, for although its title is unknown, its raw, rapturous, recurring elements lie within all of us.

"He's obviously been hiding there all along."

Another reason for coming to the distinguished—especially musically—Bergen Festival was to see the Prague Ballet, a five-year-old Czech group directed by the young, personable, articulate Pavel Smok, its chief choreographer. Well, I wish I *hadn't* seen it. I am tempted to use that marvelous phrase to be found in Mary Roberts Rinehart mysteries, "I draw a veil over what followed," but I guess I should report that the Prague Ballet is a small group of strong and quite talented young dancers in desperate need of a choreographer. The three Smok ballets I saw—*Serenade* (Josef Suk music), *Intimate Pages* (Janácek), and *Collage* (collaged by Smok) — were formless, totally without choreographic motivations, superficial. There were some splendid, in isolation, physical tricks, such as five double air-turns in a row and a Bolshoi lift or two, but they had just about as much pertinence as a scream would have in the midst of ordering groceries from a list. As for the ballet that let us in on the secret that mother, first love, music, and death were all the same mistress, the choreography was appalling, the characters not even of cardboard depth, and well . . . I draw a veil over the rest of the mystery of why such a group should be permitted to bear the proud name of "Prague."

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An essay review of Michael Crichton's
"The Andromeda Strain" (Knopf, 291 pp., $5.95)

Is There a Lunar Microbe Stranger Than Science Fiction?

by JOHN LEAR

I am hardly the one to offer advice about advertising, especially not to the son of the president of the American Association of Advertising Agencies. However, a man's choice of the medical calling suggests to me that he has some interest in mixing public service with personal fortune-making; and Michael Crichton is preparing himself to practice medicine. As a potential contributor to the commonweal he erred, I think, in allowing his newest book, *The Andromeda Strain*, to be advertised as a novel.

The Andromeda Strain has none of the ingredients normal to a satisfying novel. Its characters are wooden, their dialogue seldom stirs the sawdust, and the puppet-string plot on which they hang blows up into the sky for lack of any better place to go, floating into oblivion on an invisible cloud.

Those readers who are competent to turn the cloud inside out will find a lining threaded with fascination. But such readers, I suspect, will be few. The vast majority would have benefited, I think, if *The Andromeda Strain* had been frankly billed as a satire on America's plunge into extraterrestrial space exploration.

The Andromeda Strain purports to be a literal account of a strange microorganism that comes to Earth unexpectedly on the spaceship *Andros V*. This microbe kills all but two inhabitants of a little desert town in the Southwest—one a lush who depends on aspirin and canned heat for his kicks, the other an eternally squalling baby. The town is quarantined by armed guard while a secret team of scientists runs a frantic gantlet of Orwellian ordeals to discover how the microbe works. Before they can classify it genetically, the microbe solves its problematical self by mutating into a benign presence, and is last observed passing harmlessly over the neighborhood of Hollywood, California (possibly prophetic of the ultimate destination of Mr. Crichton's story). The epilogue to *The Andromeda Strain* reads:

> Officially, the loss of *Andros V*, the manned spacecraft that burned up as it re-entered the atmosphere, was explained on the basis of mechanical failure. . . . In Congress, and in the press, there was clamor for safer spacecraft. As a result of governmental and public pressure, NASA elected to postpone future manned flights for an indefinite period. This decision was announced by Jack Marriott, "the voice of *Andros*," in a press conference at the Manned Spaceflight Center in Houston. A partial transcript of the conference follows:
>
> Q. Jack, when does this postponement go into effect?
>
> A. Immediately. Right as I talk to you, we are shutting down.
>
> Q. How long do you anticipate this delay will last?
>
> A. I'm afraid that's impossible to say.
>
> Q. Could it be a matter of months?
>
> A. It could.
>
> Q. Jack, could it be as long as a year?
>
> A. It's just impossible for me to say. We must wait for the findings of the investigating committee.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Q. What will this delay do to the Mars-landing target date?
>
> A. It will certainly set the scheduling back.
>
> Q. Jack, how far?
>
> A. I'll tell you frankly, it's something all of us here would like to know.

The satire lies partly and plainly in the urgent note of the reporters' questions, as though the particular time when a man might reach Mars could have any real importance alongside

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the possibility that terrifying epidemics would sweep the Earth after he came home. But the full satirical impact of *The Andromeda Strain* can be felt only by those who are well enough informed to sort the disturbing facts from NASA's always optimistic propaganda as they read Mr. Crichton's book.

Two-dimensional characters sometimes convey a message more clearly than passionately blooded ones. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is a good instance in support of the point. As a medical student, the author of *The Andromeda Strain* must have been aware of the human values he was omitting from the robot-dominated cosmos that his book describes. Signs of mechanical thinking are stamped on almost every page. The authoritarian overtones are chilling. But they serve the purpose of showing what kind of deliberating should have preceded NASA's decision to hunt for life beyond the Earth.

In planning the defense of the whole human race against an unknown invader, it is prudent to prepare for the worst. The fiercest biological warfare known to man was fought in three pandemics of bubonic plague. On these I shall quote from Philip Ziegler's *The Black Death* (John Day), a new book that I read along with *The Andromeda Strain*. Ziegler says the first bubonic pandemic

> . . . beginning in Arabia, reached Egypt in the year 542. It ravaged and perhaps even fatally weakened the Roman Empire of Justinian and moved on across Europe to England, where it was known as the Plague of Cadwalader's Time, and Ireland, which it laid waste in 664. The second pandemic was that of the Black Death. One of its parting flourishes was the Great Plague of London in 1665; it seems to have died out in the seventeenth century. Finally came the pandemic which started in 1892 in Yunnan and reached Bombay in 1896. In India alone it is believed to have killed some six million people. It made a brief and mercifully unsuccessful foray into Suffolk [England] in 1910, finding only a handful of victims. Quite recently it has made itself felt in the Azores and parts of South America. In many parts of the world it has still to run its course.

The Black Death is a horror story in its own right. It killed such multitudes of people, in so many different places, over so long a period of time, with such mysterious speed, that physicians of the Middle Ages attributed it to a cloud of polluted atmosphere that drifted about the planet for more than three centuries. Mr. Crichton may have drawn on the history of this phenomenon in creating the cloud that disposed of his extraterrestrial microbe in *The Andromeda Strain.*

In reality, Ziegler tells us, the Black Death has been traced by Russian archeologists almost certainly to a Central Asian lake, Issyk-Koul, which overflowed from glacial floods and scattered a squirrel-like Manchurian marmot that lived around the lake shore. Resident in the marmot's hair was a flea, *Xenopsylla Cheopsis,* which harbored in its stomach the virulent bacillus *Pasteurella Pestis.* Rats riding in the ships of home-going Crusaders are implicated by most historians in the spread of the Black Death, which moved first eastward from Lake Issyk-Koul to China, then south to India, and finally west to the Crimea, into the ports of Sicily and thence onto the European continent. However, Ziegler says *Xenopsylla Cheopsis* was capable of living for a month with no hair to nest in, and so could journey alone for hundreds of miles in a grain cargo or a bale of cloth.

These are not reassuring memories for anyone concerned with the possibility of some exotic biological primitive traveling from the inhibiting vacuum of the moon to the oxygen-laden, energy-rich atmosphere of Earth. The great virtue of *The Andromeda Strain* is the tough-mindedness with which its author approached the task he assigned to his characters.

As a creative person, he could not be satisfied with a simple re-run of the bubonic plague tragedy. He enlivened matters by reversing the symptoms of *Pasteurella Pestis.* The quickest plague deaths occurred in those cases where hemorrhaging lungs forced the dying to spit blood. Victims of *Andromeda* died of blood clotting in their lungs and extruding through their arteries. Frightened observers of the plague deaths often went mad, flagellated each other, and burned Jews like torches. Observers of the *Andromeda* terror hanged, drowned, and incinerated themselves. Boccaccio, perhaps the most famous literary figure to describe the Black Death, had told of pigs rooting among the corpses and then dying in mad gyrations. Crichton, in *The Andromeda Strain,* describes vultures plucking at the bodies of the dead with no ill effect to the birds, which had to be gassed to death to clear the way for autopsies.

All this is window dressing. The satire in *The Andromeda Strain* appears in the difference between its setting and the setting NASA has prepared for the home-coming of the first men to land on the moon. Strict quarantine is taken for granted in *The Andromeda Strain.* Once the microbe is found it is isolated. The scientists who examine it do so in an airtight five-story laboratory buried underground. The lab is built in sections, each isolated from every other. Each man moves about in an isolation bubble of his own, knowing that he will be sealed off and sacrificed if necessary to prevent the spread of the foreign microbe.

In a democratic society, in these times, the quarantine procedures set up in *The Andromeda Strain* are impossibly strict. They are a caricature of what the reality might be. Yet they have the merit of acknowledging that protection of life existing on Earth should be the first priority of extraterrestrial exploration planning. Nothing else deserves preference, be that else measured in terms of money or of time.

NASA's precautions against possible contamination of the Earth by microorganisms from the moon are a caricature at the permissive end of the scale. They require a twenty-one-day quarantine of the astronauts and all persons closely associated with their landing. That sounds impressive to the uninformed laymen. But experts in quarantine procedures are not unanimously

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

CURIOUSER

The task set by Virginia Haynes of Wellesley, Mass., is to match the creatures in Columns 1 and 3 with the authors or characters, in Columns 2 and 4, with whom they are particularly associated. If you don't find it child's play, creep to page 55.

1. Borogove ( )	a. Beowulf	8. Leviathan ( )	h. Mallarmé
2. Fafner ( )	b. Carroll	9. Lorelei ( )	i. Milne
3. Faun ( )	c. Heine	10. Pobble ( )	j. Siegfried
4. Geryon ( )	d. Hercules	11. Pushmi-Pullyu ( )	k. Sinbad
5. Grendel ( )	e. Job	12. Roc ( )	l. Sophocles
6. Hobbit ( )	f. Lear	13. Sphinx ( )	m. Swift
7. Houyhnhnms ( )	g. Lofting	14. Woozle ( )	n. Tolkien

(Correction: In the May 31 I.Q. the name of the second Fate should be spelled Clotho.)

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enthused. NASA's protocols at first were so loose that National Academy of Sciences president, Dr. Frederick Seitz, wrote a private letter to NASA administrator, Dr. Thomas O. Paine, voicing concerns that were being expressed at the Academy. Some tightening of the quarantine resulted. However, one highly qualified microbial ecologist, Dr. Martin Alexander, of Cornell University's Laboratory of Soil Microbiology, pointed out the following loopholes at a regional meeting of the American Society for Microbiology in North Carolina:

First: The quarantine is not absolute even for the astronauts involved. Should something happen that threatens loss of a limb or a possible fatality, the person concerned will be removed from isolation.

Second: The human sample to be exposed to possible contagion does not reflect variabilities due to race, age, nutritional status, or chemical and surgical stress.

Third: There is no concern over the possibility that exposed humans might themselves be unaffected yet still be capable of carrying infection to others.

Fourth: The species to be exposed include none of the animals on which we rely for food or clothing.

Fifth: Exposed species from the plant kingdom include only seedlings, which usually are more resistant to infection then mature plants are.

Sixth: Exposed species will not include the green algae that contribute most to regeneration of oxygen in the atmosphere.

I asked Dr. Alexander how his scientific colleagues had reacted to his criticisms. "None of my points was challenged," he said. "The only question raised was political: whether we should simply placate the public and satisfy the legal requirements or whether we should insist on scientific integrity." *Nature*, the British scientific journal, has published his opinion on the political issue:

"The quest for life in space and the study of the physical and chemical properties of our celestial neighbors . . . satisfy man's innate and insatiable curiosity. But it is not essential that the studies be conducted, particularly in the absence of adequate biological information and techniques."

It is argued that the probability of life on the moon is exceedingly small. That is beside the point. The point is that risk exists or does not exist. NASA's position is that some risk exists. As long as this is true, the precautions against it should genuinely cover the extent of the threat. Since all of mankind is equally exposed, the United Nations should be consulted on appropriate safeguards. I recommend *The Andromeda Strain* as background reading for those who may be hesitating.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Quickly, Bake a Cake!

YES AND YES (as Molly Bloom would have it) for John Unterecker's discussion of Lawrence Durrell [*SR*, June 14]. It is in the last paragraph of the essay that Durrell's magic makes its resonance. How could I have forgotten the feeling in the reading of *The Alexandria Quartet* or *Reflections on a Marine Venus* and *Prospero's Cell* of the driving force to creative work that the reading transmits to the reader. I have never understood how Durrell achieves this but of all modern writers at work presently, none awakens the immediacy of this need more directly, or, as Unterecker puts it: "The reader puts the book down . . . convinced that he must do something of a creative sort quickly . . . paint a masterpiece, bake a cake, plaster a ceiling, make love. . . ." *There* is Durrell's magic!

MYRA W. SKLAREW,
Bethesda, Md.

Unjust to "Jews, Justice and Judaism"

IN HIS REVIEW OF *Jews, Justice and Judaism* [*SR*, Apr. 19] R. J. Milch violates three rules which all professional critics follow. 1) He implies that the book is riddled with factual errors and then quotes the one error he found in 396 pages of text, which is an error only by interpretation. 2) He complains that I omitted some facts which he would have included had he been the author. Mr. Milch, as an editor of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, which runs to tens of thousands of pages, perhaps has never had to edit a manuscript to fit into a limited number of pages. 3) He says the book failed in its purpose, when its purpose was not at all what Mr. Milch presumes it to have been. *Jews, Justice and Judaism* was written for the general public, not for encyclopediatricians, pedants or Talmudic scholars. Mr. Milch to the contrary, *Jews, Justice and Judaism* has been well received by professional critics, rabbis and the general public, Jews and non-Jews alike.

ROBERT ST. JOHN,
Waldorf, Md.

Shattered World

MR. L. A. PALMER [Book Forum, May 31] suggests that *SR*'s columnist, Mr. J. H. Plumb, was duped by me and John De Visser in our study of Newfoundland outports—*This Rock Within the Sea* [*SR*, Apr. 26]. Palmer says he knows the Island well, having been born there, and contemptuously indicates that De Visser and I were mere transients who were easily deluded by the puckish natives.

The facts are these: I have spent the bulk of my time in Newfoundland through the past ten years. From 1962 until 1967 I lived in a small fishing village on the Sou'west Coast (the scene and setting of our book). I have visited almost every settlement on the Island, have made a number of film documentaries, and have written many articles about the place. The essential thing is that I lived *with* and *as* a member of an outport society during its dissolution under a mindless assault by the proponents of the modern agglomerative society to which Mr. Palmer defected lo, these many years.

He might well revisit his abandoned home and observe it as it is today: a world of shattered certainties, of uprooted families, of veritable displaced person camps (called "growth centers"), all of which are the direct results of the policies of the most misguided and dictatorial government extant in North America.

FARLEY MOWAT,
Port Hope, Ont.

Definitive Surrealist

I HAVE OFTEN BEEN IRRITATED by the slick, academic stuffiness of *Saturday Review* but I cannot abandon it because, whatever else it is, it is courageous and responsible. Very often it is willing to get into a mess over truth and from time to time comes up with a review such as Anna Balakian's deeply perceptive examination of André Breton's *Manifestos of Surrealism* [*SR*, May 31].

It seemed somewhat surrealist, however, that she did not mention Kafka, who is for many the definitive surrealist in literature. Unlike Rimbaud, who was mentioned and whose *Illuminations* too often fail to illuminate, Kafka succeeds in illuminating the unreality of what we have for so long and so blandly assumed to be "real."

CLYDE MARTIN,
Chelmsford, Mass.

Fulsome Flouting of Usage

IN HIS REVIEW OF *The Poet and Her Book: The Life and Work of Edna St. Vincent Millay* [*SR*, June 9] Louis Untermeyer calls attention to Jean Gould's misuse of the word "fulsome," yet himself commits the error of using "flaunted" for "flouted": "she *flaunted* the rules."

NORA B. CUNNINGHAM,
Chanute, Kan.

Scanning Impossible

IT IS WITH REGRET that I found my long loved *Saturday Review* omitting the always read captions heading each book review. These always made selections of reading a pleasure. Now I will no longer have the time to read your reviews since your revision has made it impossible to scan books of possible interest.

WILLIAM L. VENNING,
Boise, Idaho

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

One hundred and fifty years ago few had much confidence in the English monarchy, even amongst its most loyal adherents. Dukes are rarely radical-minded, but in 1820 the Duke of Bedford thought the days of the British monarchy were numbered, and the forthright Duke of Wellington called the King's brothers "the damnedest millstones round the neck of any government." God knows, they were an odd lot. George IV had six brothers, who, typical products of a hothouse environment, were as colorful, as exotic, as sinister as a bladderwort. The Duke of York was chased out of the army because his mistress sold commissions in his regiment. The Duke of Cumberland was believed to have been nearly murdered by his valet because of a homosexual assault and to have fathered a child on his sister (both totally untrue). The Duke of Clarence, later William IV, had ten illegitimate children by the actress Mrs. Jordan, who toured the provincial theaters to support them and him. The Duke of Kent, a pathological sadist, loved whips and discipline and drove his troops to mutiny. The rest were nearly as mad, if not so bad. Nor were their sisters pillars of sense and rectitude. At least one had a bastard.

And George IV, himself—grotesquely fat, monstrously self-indulgent, enraptured by women old enough to be his mother, and given to astronomic extravagance—lost all contact with reality. Awash with alcohol, he described to the Duke of Wellington how he, George IV, had won the battle of Waterloo, at which, of course, he had not been present. His life had been studded with endless sexual scandals, from his morganatic marriage to a Roman Catholic widow to his grotesque divorce proceedings against his hoydenish wife, Queen Caroline. At a time when thousands of starving Englishmen lived in the poverty that one only sees now in the slums of Bombay or Calcutta, the wild, self-indulgent behavior of these princes seemed close to self-destructive madness. Few would have given any bets on the English monarchy surviving for fifty years.

But it is still here, at Buckingham Palace and Windsor, surrounded by the furniture, porcelain and paintings with which George IV bedecked his life. Throughout this century the monarchy has steadily grown in popularity. Mass media have titillated the voyeurism of millions—a glimpse of Prince Edward with his nanny or Princess Margaret in a bikini is enough to agitate the press of the world.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, republicans were not isolated eccentrics, but existed in all classes and in all parties. Now, only the communists and a few, very few, left-wing socialists stress the extravagant cost and the innate absurdity of monarchy. Even to criticize the monarchy borders on the socially indecent.

Naturally, books about English royalty flow from the presses with monotonous regularity (Prince Charles's first biography has already been published). They go on like a never-ending soap opera. The latest installment is *The Royal Family: A Personal Portrait*, by Ralph M. White and Graham Fisher, (McKay, $6.50): the royals as seen by the Queen's footman. If you are really interested in the color of the teapot which "Bobo" places by Prince Philip's side of the double bed in Buckingham Palace at eight o'clock precisely, then this book will ravish you—not often, but from time to time, for such pearls cannot be scattered like largesse.

Most of the information could be derived more quickly from *Whitakers Almanack*, but not all. I know of nowhere else where you could learn that the Prince of Wales threw tantrums when (unlike his father, it seems) he had to wear tartan shorts under his kilt. Such trivialities interlard a solemn tour of household management, a description of royal palaces, and an outline of the Queen's life — dedicated, dutiful and dull, an endless round of antique ritual weighted with nightmarish banality.

And yet what a book could be written about the British monarchy in the twentieth century if only a serious-minded social historian, another Walter Bagehot say, would set about it, because it is a very odd, a very eccentric phenomenon in the development of human society.

In this century monarchies have tumbled. Assassination and execution, bombs and firing squads have stained the annals of European royal families incarnadine. Think only of the Habsburgs, whose story is admirably recounted in *The Last Habsburg*, by Gordon Brook-Shepherd (Weybright & Talley, $10). As the old Emperor Franz Josef said, he was spared nothing: his only son committed suicide after killing his mistress. The Emperor's brother Maximilian was executed by a Mexican firing squad; a second brother died from drinking the holy water of the River Jordan. Dissipation polished off his nephew Otto, while another nephew, Franz Ferdinand, who demeaned himself by marrying a mere aristocrat, was shot by a Serbian assassin. Personal tragedy was linked with social turbulence — Magyars, Greeks, Serbs, Croats and Slavs seethed with national aspiration. The last Habsburg, the peace-loving Emperor Charles, the most likable, sensitive and gifted of them all, was swept into exile and penury by the maelstrom that followed the collapse of the Empire after World War I. What a contrast with Britain! And yet not so loathsome a fate as the Tsar's, slaughtered as he was with his wife and little children. And perhaps even kinder than that of the Kaiser, who had long years of exile in which to brood on his folly.

What is the English secret? No one but those who had to deal with her could believe that Queen Victoria, bereaved, isolated in Balmoral or Osborne, could represent a power-hungry monarchy. She was, to the public at large, the Widow of Windsor, a symbol of grief, endurance and fecundity, a universal grandmother, tiny yet matriarchal, the summit of middle-class respectability. Apart from minor breaks —Edward VII and Edward VIII—that tradition of intense respectability, of sound middle-class virtue, has gone on. Equally important have been two factors: first, the growth of mass media, leading to a relish of the trivia of the private lives of public persons, and, second, the luck that English monarchs have had in their consorts, from the grossly undervalued Prince Albert, Victoria's husband, to Elizabeth II's Prince Philip.

Nor have the tribulations of England done any harm to monarchy; the two great wars worked in England for monarchy, not against, as in Europe. As Lenin always stressed, there is a cunning in history which never fails to surprise us. The survival of the British monarchy, its growth since the 1820s in popularity and esteem, its seemingly almost unassailable position in the middle of the twentieth century is an admirable example of history's guile. But England is steadily moving, like a rudderless, ungovernable ship, to dark and turbulent waters. The world of empire, of aristocracy, of middle-class rectitude—the flying buttresses of monarchy—have crumbled: indifference to hierarchy is powerful amongst the young, rich or poor. If the British monarchy survives without radical unchange for another hundred years, history will surprise us again.

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The War

VIET NAM: The Unheard Voices

by Don Luce and John Sommer
Cornell, 336 pp., $6.50

DAMNING, CHALLENGING, a *cri de coeur*, this is an eyewitness and earwitness report on the anguish of Viet Nam by two young Americans who, in their years out there, were unofficial, unconventional and, alas, unheeded. What they did that was so rare, in the midst of this war, was to *listen* to "the unheard voices" of Viet Nam. They had no policy to vindicate, no kill ratios to produce, no coonskins to hang. Their view of what was happening in Viet Nam was based on rice-roots reality, not air-conditioned judgments. They discovered that one motivated, understood, *heard* Vietnamese was worth a squadron of B-52s, a simple equation in wars of liberation but, still, one that had seemed to elude the Pentagon in its dash for victory. Somehow, the generals and the politicians, not necessarily in that order, were ambushed into believing this one could be won by "zapping" the enemy. It was almost as though the people themselves were in the way. That was the blunder, the flaw, the conceit. The people went unheard and the Viet Cong went unbeaten.

"Our purpose," Don Luce of Vermont and John Sommer of New Jersey argue in their itemized protest against American policies, *Viet Nam: The Unheard Voices*, "is to demonstrate that understanding people is the key to successful policy, that failure to understand them and respond to their needs is to fail in one's goals, and finally, that a great America cannot win hearts and minds by technology and material means alone. A concern for the human spirit is not a luxury; it is an essential."

Their evidence is based on their experiences in Viet Nam, living within gunshot of the war and earshot of the people. Both there for the International Voluntary Services, a kind of private Peace Corps, they speak the language, they know the country. Luce was in Viet Nam for nine years, Sommer for four. Luce originally went out in 1958. His first job was to assist in, among other things, increasing sweet potato production and opening primary schools in the villages. Three years later he was named IVS director for South Viet Nam. (One American was killed in action that year, 1961.) Six years later, in 1967, Luce resigned, frustrated, convinced that "American failures in Viet Nam have been, essentially, failures in communication and understanding." This is his story, and Sommer's too. The book is specific, accusing—a personalized catalogue of what went wrong, as they saw it, as they heard it. They will reassure the doves and madden the hawks, but their intention is neither. It is simply to tell it.

When Luce and several other key IVS members resigned to protest American policies in Viet Nam, they sent President Johnson a highly publicized open letter, written in terms of their own experiences. Their recommendations, dated September 19, 1967, went unheeded, but the VC Tet offensive only a few months later did not, and some of those recommendations have since become official United States policy. The trend now *is* toward de-escalation, even toward getting out. Bombing the North *has* stopped. The U.S. *and* Saigon now sit at the same table with the NLF in Paris. "End this war" were the final words of their appeal.

The authors admit that they had supported the broad outlines of American policy until mid-1965; but when the U.S. military build-up began, the escalating war between the two sides became "an overwhelming atrocity." In presenting their case for ending the war, Luce and Sommer write about the students, the plight of refugees and Montagnards, Catholics and Buddhists, about Saigon politics and corruption, pacification, the "appeal" of the NLF, the choice facing the Vietnamese. They make some serious indictments:

"Americans have rarely known the truth about Viet Nam."

" . . . policy-makers in both Saigon and Washington . . . had come to believe in their own overly optimistic reports."

"Because of the language barrier, most Americans cannot talk with the people or understand them. Americans are not blind, but in Viet Nam they are both deaf and dumb. Because American understanding of the people has been so limited, the tactics devised to assist them have been either ineffective or counterproductive. They have served to create more Viet Cong than they have destroyed."

A lot of that is true, but I think there is another critical factor at the heart of the American crisis in Viet Nam. The Pentagon hit the beaches in Viet Nam in '65 convinced of a quick, inexpensive victory. The Pentagon—and not only the Pentagon—thought U.S. guns could outrun reality, that the coonskin could be nailed to the wall without any real necessity to understand the complexities of the people, the enemy, the war. There were some

—*Black Star.*

Viet Nam—"too many bombs and delusions."

Americans, official Americans, who knew better and said so, but their warnings were lost in the U.S. escalation. The policy out of LBJ's Washington was impatient for a triumph that was always believed to be just a bullet away. It was a policy that suffered from too many bombs and delusions. The very idea that the invincible United States might get trapped in the quagmire was regarded as subversive.

Luce and Sommer admit that they have no ideal solutions. But one of their observations is that it would seem wiser for the U.S. to give diplomatic support to leaders in the South who best respond to the needs of the people rather than to those who fulfill uniquely partisan Free World interests. "In the end, such a suggestion may be tantamount to American acquiescence in a Communist-influenced government. If this is so, it will not be because the Communists alone are capable of responding to the needs of the Vietnamese, or because they represent a majority of the Vietnamese; it will be because the anti-Communists have to a large extent forfeited their opportunities in that country."

That may be controversial, just as a lot of the book is, but then again what isn't in Viet Nam? After all those bombs, after all those operations, after all those KIA, WIA, and MIA, the tragedy is that about the only thing you can say about the war, without getting into an argument, is that it's older.

Bernard Kalb

Bernard Kalb, CBS News correspondent based in Hong Kong, has reported on Viet Nam for many years.

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USA

AN AMERICAN MELODRAMA: The Presidential Campaign of 1968

by Lewis Chester, Godfrey Hodgson and Bruce Page
Viking, 814 pp., $10

THIS MELODRAMA has twelve acts, forty-two scenes, a 789-page script, and no intermission. The plot is from the theater of the absurd. The more appealing heroes and villains are off the stage long before the denouement, but two or three performers assigned to minor roles suddenly find themselves in the limelight. The scenario calls for random and gratuitous violence. There is virtually no foreshadowing of the truly dramatic ending, but the outcome in any event seems essentially meaningless. However, all of this is unavoidable, because *An American Melodrama* is a true-to-life story.

The book, of course, is too implausible to be fiction. Furthermore, Lewis Chester, Godfrey Hodgson, and Bruce Page are not playwrights but journalists. They covered the 1968 election for the London *Sunday Times*, and as a reportorial team they have set a high standard for the narrative coverage of an event so diffuse in time and space.

Their perspective is not uniquely available to reporters from abroad. Only in their taste for apt quotations from literature do they suggest their origins; no American reporter would catch Hubert Humphrey in an unconscious parody of Winnie-the-Pooh. Otherwise, the authors exhibit the qualities of able writers anywhere—an appreciation for illuminating detail, a sense of humor and of the grotesque, and the ability to represent fairly the stature and character of men competing for leadership.

Our British friends find that we are suffering from "the sin of hubris [which] lies . . . in a systematic conception of one's powers and one's place in the universe so proud, so presumptuous, and so erroneous that it can only end in disaster . . . . A nation that indulges in too much self-glorifying rhetoric while unable to win a small war or to prevent deterioration in its social fabric is unlikely to be able to heal its own distempers."

Democrats provided better copy in 1968, and the reader does not meet Richard Nixon until page 82. Nixon, "as the saying goes, needs no introduction," but he *is* introduced later, and one may dispute the representation of his career as dominated almost exclusively by knee-jerk anti-communism.

The reader will be struck by the fatuity of Humphrey's campaign. Not only did he seem incapable of putting daylight between himself and President Johnson on Viet Nam. One Senator remarked that after twenty-five years of spilling his energies in every direction, Humphrey had simply begun to run downhill, and that the endless politicking had robbed him of the contemplation, the reflection one looks for in a serious political leader.

Robert Kennedy probably would not have been nominated; at least the authors so hold. But Kennedy's death was the year's decisive event. By early spring powerful forces working for change through the so-called New Politics had in effect fashioned an uneasy alliance of minorities, suburbanites, students, intellectuals, and an occasional big city boss. These forces, aided by leaders who wanted to nominate winners, were almost within reach of a delegate majority in the Democratic race. Chester, Hodgson and Page establish just how narrowly Nixon escaped defeat in his own contest for the Republican nomination. But when an assassin's bullets removed the specter of another Nixon-Kennedy race, the GOP did choose the former Vice President. The Democrats, spared the nightmare of a Rockefeller nomination, could then safely brush aside heterodoxy in their own convention.

The authors believe that at the Republican convention the fight for Southern delegates proved conclusive. The South's rank and file wanted Ronald Reagan. But Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, suspecting that Rockefeller would ultimately benefit if Nixon's broad but tepid support began to erode, held most of the Southerners for Nixon on the single roll call. He was able to do so only after extracting from Nixon one of the most massive settlements ever achieved by a convention kingmaker. Nixon accepted Thurmond's terms on the Vice Presidential nomination and on school desegregation "guidelines." And the Senator from a state where patriotism is big business won Nixon's support for the deployment of an anti-ballistic missile (ABM) system.

The Nixon-Thurmond compact may haunt us for years. It almost cost Nixon the election. First, Spiro Agnew proved a campaign liability. Then, in October, Nixon used the rationale of the ABM advocates in proclaiming a "security gap." Humphrey, forewarned that the Republican candidate was going for a first-strike capability on this issue, retaliated with well-documented arguments that should have alerted Nixon to the political perils involved in missile-rattling. His once-huge lead in the polls almost vanished by election day.

The Democratic convention gets even-handed coverage, the authors concluding that "What felt like a moral crusade to the insurgents, then, looked like cussedness to the regulars." Trusting the evidence of their eyes, Chester, Hodgson and Page report the riot by the Chicago police as just that. They recount the moving scene at the end of that harrowing week when Eugene McCarthy told his anguished followers that their movement had succeeded because the country had made a judgment against the war to which the next Administration must respond.

So complex an election cannot be

"You just ruined my black cherries flambé!"

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reported in full. For example, the authors skim over the intricate contests for delegates in the non-primary states. Their several errors of fact do not detract from the over-all authority of the narrative.

Like one of the more sensational of the recent off-Broadway plays, the melodrama they describe closed after a single performance. The authorities are not likely to permit a similar production to open without major revisions in the format.

Donald Young

Donald Young is senior editor for American history for the Encyclopedia Americana.

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE YOU SIT

by Fred McClement
Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 238 pp., $5.95

FOR THE SECOND TIME in the past decade the safety of air transport is being questioned seriously by the Congress, the public, and many in the executive branch of the government, as well as by the aviation industry. Travel by commercial airline in the United States can be considered relatively safe today, no matter how the statistics are compiled; but it is not as safe as we know how to make it.

The real cause for concern is the future, for the government and industry have not kept pace with the inexorable and rapid growth of air travel by providing programs to handle this growth in a safe, controlled way.

The problem manifests itself in the increasing congestion at our major airports, where safety is maintained at the expense of delays in departures and arrivals. These result in serious inconvenience and cost to the air traveler, economic penalties to the commercial carriers, and restrictions on general and business aviation about where and when they can fly.

Flight safety in the 1970s is being threatened in two ways—by the advent of the jumbo and supersonic jets, and the proliferation of aircraft in both commercial and general aviation, especially the latter. Even if the present ratio of accidents to flights (departures) or hours flown maintains its trend, the commercial airlines' record will become meaningless since the jumbo jets will accommodate far more people per flight than do the current jets. Each accident in a jumbo jet will result in two to four times as many fatalities as previously.

Over the next decade our commercial fleet of a few thousand aircraft will double, while the general and business aviation fleet of some 100,000 planes is expected to increase five to ten times. This will further congest an already saturated airways and airport system —in which the safety record of general aviation is spotty — and increase the risk of all aircraft unless suitable programs for improving aircraft design, airways control and management, and airport facilities are implemented. The only alternative is to blunt the growth of the commercial aviation industry, now an important 2 per cent of the GNP, and to further restrict the use of airspace.

The need for safety cuts across every aspect of aviation — the crash-resistance design of the vehicle itself; the ability of the airways traffic control and management system, operated by the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA), to handle the flow of traffic in an unconstrained way; government policies on the use of airspace; the level of pilot skill and training; airport runway and electronic facilities for landing and surface control of vehicles; the collection and dissemination of accurate weather data.

Most accidents today (over 80 per cent) take place in the vicinity of airports when planes are taking off or landing. This has led to the concept of the "survivable crash," *i.e.*, the possibility of passengers' being able to walk away from the crack-up. To achieve this requires upgraded evacuation systems (including better egress design, fireproofing of materials, smoke control, and fire suppression), as well as more reliable fuel, aircraft structural and instrument systems. Greater attention is now being paid to these factors by the manufacturers of the new jumbo jets and airbuses—obviously, at some cost to the user.

A much more effective air traffic control and navigation system is needed to handle the projected traffic loads and to decrease the probability of mid-air collisions, especially in high-density terminal areas like New York. The use of airspace in these high-density areas will also have to be restricted to keep out improperly equipped planes or insufficiently skilled pilots.

At the airports the low-visibility landing problem is shaping up as the major challenge of the 1970s. Much improved runway/landing systems are necessary to provide truly all-weather high-capacity airports. Many low-density airports must also be equipped with radar and landing systems.

All the above will take money—over the next decade about $5 to $6 billion for new and improved airports and about $2 billion for an improved airways system, these exclusive of refinements in aircraft and electronics. The current Administration and the Congress are considering the use of a trust fund (similar to the highway fund) to help finance these measures. Monies for the trust fund would be obtained from flight-ticket and aviation-gasoline taxes. There is hope this year that all the parties concerned, in aviation and government, will agree on the specific legislation required and how the fund will be administered. Without such accord air safety in the 1970s can disastrously diminish.

Responsibility for air safety is diffuse. Primarily it rests with the federal government — chiefly the FAA, which administers and operates the airways

"Have my pants pressed and this data processed."

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and certifies aircraft, and the National Transportation Safety Board. The NTSB, which promptly investigates all accidents and establishes causes, also takes corrective action and correlates incidents such as near-misses. Involved too are one committee in the Senate and another in the House. All must cope with various special and state and local interests. The growing congestion of the airways will require policy changes by the FAA in the utilization of airspace, especially in the terminal areas. Although the NTSB, which answers only to Congress and the President, has a small budget, it projects a vigorous attitude toward the problem of air safety.

In summary, the issue of air safety is a structural one, not an operational one, with no particular party being the villain. A great deal needs to be done regarding financing, research and development, management, allocation and utilization of airspace, legislative policy, pilot training and discipline, implementation of new traffic control systems and procedures, aircraft design, etc., to allow the aviation industry to grow to its true potential in the next twenty years.

Unfortunately, Fred McClement's book (the title refers to the equal probability of getting killed in a crash whether you're in the back or front of a jet) does not address this air safety issue in a wholly positive and accurate manner. *It Doesn't Matter Where You Sit* is principally a popular treatment of Civil Aeronautics Board and NTSB reports on probable causes of jet air disasters and near disasters in the last decade. Although the book sounds authoritative, technical errors abound—about a dozen to a chapter. They range from the trivial and obvious to those that could be distortions—such as freely mixing domestic and international accident statistics without identification as such.

The book dramatizes accidents and near accidents in thunderstorms and lightning, clear air turbulence, "CAT," (after stating that the airlines are wasting their money doing research on CAT, the author spends the rest of the chapter showing how bad it is), geostrophic convection (wind gusts caused by buildings and other impediments near airports), and 727 landings. No clear conclusions are drawn or recommendations made. Mr. McClement ends with a hodgepodge of ideas — some good and some impractical — on what to do about air traffic control and airports. The incidents dealt with are actual ones but heavy reliance is placed upon innuendo, implications, and doubt-raising.

It Doesn't Matter Where You Sit will unnecessarily scare the layman and provide little help or perspective for the public, Congress, or the experts who want to do something about the problem. It will not be the *Unsafe at Any Speed* for the aviation industry. Buried in the debris, there are these messages in the book:

Jet flying is an extremely complex business, especially in bad weather.

The NTSB, as an independent agency relatively free from outside pressures, plays an important role in keeping the air transportation system honest in the safety area.

The aviation community is a long way from being omniscient with regard to physical phenomena involved in aviation safety.

The problem will get worse unless some things get done.

Charles A. Zraket

Charles A. Zraket is a senior executive of a company engaged in research and development in military and air transportation systems.

TWO STUDIES IN CONSTITUTIONAL INTERPRETATION

by Telford Taylor

Ohio State University Press, 214 pp., $7

FBI AGENTS SUSPECT YOU of tax evasion. May they bug your house? May they frisk you without a warrant? If they arrest you, may they search your house without a warrant? If you are indicted, what may the press publish about you? May the trial judge fine or jail a newspaper editor who permits the publication of information that tends to prejudice the jury against you? These are the kinds of Constitutional problems Telford Taylor, professor of law at Columbia University, ably considers in his *Two Studies*.

The first essay, "Search, Seizure and Surveillance," explores the Fourth Amendment: what it was meant to mean, what it has come to mean, and what it ought to mean, to paraphrase Taylor's three canons of Constitutional interpretation. Taylor traces the use and abuse of search warrants in England and America before our Revolution, points out how little protection against unreasonable search is afforded by the warrant procedure, examines some of the mysterious lines the Supreme Court has on occasion invoked in an attempt to make the Fourth Amendment look objective (*e.g.*, that bugging was Constitutional if the bug was placed outside a wall of a house, but not if it penetrated the wall without the owner's permission). He distinguishes the Constitutional problems posed by traditional searches from those posed by the more pervasive techniques of wiretapping and bugging, and predicts the resolution of a number of Fourth Amendment questions. Recent Supreme Court decisions, handed down after the book was written, have already borne out two of his predictions: the demise of the "mere evidence" rule and the trend towards Supreme Court approval of electronic surveillance pursuant to court order.

The second essay, "Fair Trial and Free Press: First Fruits of the Warren Report," reviews the efforts of the bar and the press to define the kinds of information that should not, consistent with a defendant's right to a fair trial, be divulged by the prosecutor or by the police or published by the press, and to consider what sanctions should be imposed upon the bar, the police and the press for disseminating prejudicial information. This section, consisting as it does largely of a report on the reports of various bar and press groups, is less stimulating than the first one with its wealth of independent Constitutional interpretation.

Both essays are based on lectures given in April 1967. Although Taylor has updated them with postscripts covering events to April 1968, the law, particularly in the Fourth Amendment area, has moved exceedingly fast. Since April 1968 the Supreme Court has decided a number of important cases involving the permissibility of bugging and warrantless frisking, and Congress has authorized wiretapping and bugging pursuant to court order in the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968 (with a name like that, who could vote against it in an election year?). Despite these recent developments, Taylor's book, with its clear writing, able analysis, and thorough presentation of Constitutional history, will be of great use and interest to anyone concerned with the Fourth Amendment, the conflicting claims of fair trial and free press, and the continuing efforts of the Supreme Court to interpret the Constitution wisely in a changing world.

Meredith M. Brown

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Fiction

MARKS OF IDENTITY

by Juan Goytisolo, translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa
Grove, 352 pp., $7.95

"A BARCELONAN despite his Asturian name," Juan Goytisolo was born in 1931 to a well-to-do family of Catalonia. His earliest memories recall the vicissitudes of that bastion of Republicanism, the longest to hold out against Franco's troops. Goytisolo studied with the Jesuits, took a law degree, and by 1954 (the year of *Juego de manos*) had become a precocious and prodigious novelist. Eventually he felt obliged to join the flight of intellectuals and workers who could escape from his "menopausal country of the Old Continent." In Paris he became adviser on Spanish literature at Gallimard. Without narrative experimentation in Spain to learn from, he absorbed in his many social novels the techniques of the French *nouveau roman*. When Spanish critics agree of him *sabe poco a español* (there's little of Spanish flavor to him), they can refer only to his original techniques, for Goytisolo, unlike his fellow-expatriate novelist Miguel del Castillo, remains Spanish to the core.

Lately the success of Goytisolo's dozen or more novels, his journalistic reportages, and critical essays permits him to live and write in Southern France. He worked over the ambitious *Marks of Identity* (*Señas de identidad*), probably his most personal novel, from 1962 to 1966, in such various places as Paris, St.-Tropez, Tangier, and Havana. Although Goytisolo and his hero Alvaro Mendiola are so obviously ego and alter ego, we must now turn exclusively to the latter protagonist.

When we meet Alvaro, he is residing in France, where he has come to practice documentary filming and journalism. He has discovered his true love, Dolores, a fellow-refugee from Spain, and is living happily with her. Their love is intensified by mutual memories, hopes, sufferings — even doubts. Alvaro has gone back to Yeste to film the home conditions of workers and domestics compelled to leave their land to seek employment elsewhere in Western Europe. His documentary has been impounded by the Civil Guard, and only his French passport has saved him from persecution. His life is an idle and discouraged one: he attends rallies of Spanish Republicans with their depressing slogans about "action," "recrudescence," and "internal contradictions," consorts with activists and secret agents such as his friend Antonio, encourages from afar strikes, boycotts, and student demonstrations in Barcelona, and occasionally falls from grace with some Scandinavian, French, or German girl whose morals shock and delight the Spanish exiled males.

—Lütfi Özkök.

Juan Goytisolo—a subtle polemicist.

Yet Alvaro's biography embraces many decades and many climes, thanks largely to the constant inner monologues and the uncontrollable anachronisms of memory. Like a man about to die recalling his life span, Alvaro recreates his own life, from his childhood days when he indignantly cried, "Sacred heart of Jesus" at the embattled Loyalists of Barcelona to his last visit to the touristic sites and monuments of his port city, where he listened cynically to the blinded tourists enthusing over a moribund culture. Some of the flashbacks recalling the Spanish people's verbal reactions to the cataclysmic events of 1936 to 1945 echo curiously scenes from the trilogy of José María Gironella, with whom Goytisolo has obviously little in common.

The most inevitable theme is of course the police state of Spain, so professionally policed after "five centuries of vigilance, inquisition, and censorship" that only the governed are conscious of its cruelty. The same Civil Guards decried by Lorca make sure that "in this fine country there is no such thing as free speech." Their victims are the workers, peasants, students, and intellectuals. Goytisolo is a subtle political polemicist, and many of his barbs will be appreciated only by those knowing well the context of Spain, realizing, for example, how a Spaniard who reads *Indice* would differ politically from a reader of *Ibérica*.

As the author keeps reminding us, Spaniards are constantly being asked to produce their identity papers. This is a grotesque irony. For the Spaniards inside and outside Spain, as he shows, have lost their identity. If a broken homeland or home cannot give a man identity, such a gift can be conferred only by a redeeming love. This fact sustains Alvaro until that shocking moment when the love he shares with Dolores comes to an absurd end. At this point Goytisolo explicates the novel's title: ". . . you had returned to life free of past as well as future, strange and alien to yourself, ductile, malleable, without a homeland, without a home, without friends, pure uncertain present, born at your age of thirty-two, simply Alvaro Mendiola, with no marks of identity."

As if to test his alienation, Alvaro goes back to Barcelona, "faced with the irreparable disaster of a death" adumbrated many years earlier by a fainting spell. Like other Spanish expatriates, he nourished one burning hope, to live on until "the fall of the Regime." Even this hope seems vain as we come to the last page.

Juan Goytisolo reaches his top form in this well-knit novel and challenges the hegemony of Camilo José Cela in the field of contemporary Spanish narrative. The lessons he learned from the generation of Sarraute and Robbe-Grillet have been meaningfully utilized. The variety of narrative devices results in greater breadth and depth. The consistently short prose units quicken the pace, afford a variety of scene, and make a long book seem shorter. The inner monologues (sometimes the pronoun is *you*, as in Butor) probe to the innermost soul. The streams of consciousness recreate moods directly without the impeding disciplines of formal prose. The flashbacks bring into meaningful confrontation present and past, near and far. The intercalated police or surveillance reports illustrate well Dostoevsky's dictum that an author must take pains not to suffer or empathize with his characters. The excerpts from the sound track impounded by the Civil Guard of Yeste make up a stifled, voiceless charge against Spanish bureaucracy's treatment of the poor classes.

It is good that Americans now have access to this important novel in English, thanks to the splendid version of prize-winning translator Gregory Rabassa. For *Marks of Identity* should be read by an English-speaking public too long lulled by the political pabulum

(*Continued on page* 40)

The critic, Robert J. Clements, is head of the Department of Comparative Literature in the Graduate School of New York University.

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Extra Innings

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

The doleful voices of sportswriters have been heard in the land. The color has gone out of baseball, there won't be enough talent to staff the expanded leagues, the game is too tame to compete with hockey and soccer, it's too slow, and the audience is going to be middle-aged because the kids won't go. Oh yeah? One day at a packed Wrigley Field it took the police an hour after the game to clear the diamond of exuberant youngsters.

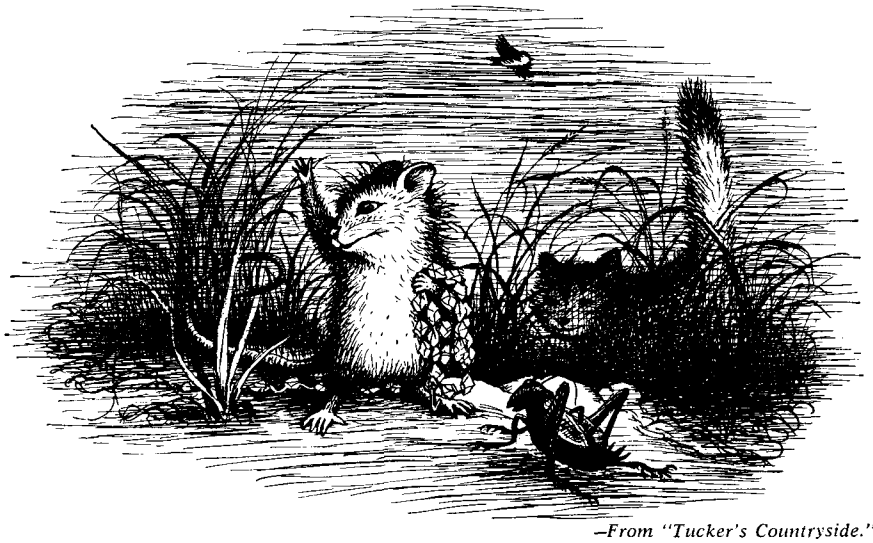
Last July I did a roundup of baseball books that brought a surprising spate of mail. One elderly maiden lady (that's what she said) who lectures at an art museum wrote, "I thank you. My nephew thanks you. We hunt for baseball books all the time. Do it again next year!"

Well, maybe not every year. This year, however, saw more baseball books than last. One of the best is Douglass Wallop's *Baseball: An Informal History* (Norton, $5.95). Meant for adults, it will undoubtedly be claimed by the young as well; it is informative, witty, and written with brio.

There is also a lot of baseball history in five collective biographies. None is distinguished and all include a considerable amount of warmed-over material, but benign buffs usually enjoy this sort of nostalgic reminiscing. Of them, John Devaney's *Baseball's Youngest Big Leaguers* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $2.95) may have a special appeal for young readers, and *Pacemakers in Baseball*, by Mac Davis (World, $2.95), while pedestrian in style, covers much glamorous if well-trodden territory. Other happy-memories books are Ray Robinson's *The Greatest Yankees of Them All* (Putnam, $3.49) and his *Baseball's Most Colorful Managers* (Putnam, $3.64), both written in fairly flamboyant journalese. Also highly colored are *Great Hitters of the Major Leagues*, by Frank Graham, Jr. (Random House, $1.95), and Milton J. Shapiro's *Heroes Behind the Mask: America's Greatest Catchers* (Messner, $3.95).

Of the five biographical books the most impressive is *From Ghetto to Glory*, by Bob Gibson with Phil Pepe (Prentice-Hall, $5.95), in which Gibson is as candid and articulate about bias as he is about baseball. Hal Butler's *Stormin' Norman Cash* (Messner, $3.50) is sprinkled with anecdotes and heavy with adjectives but has some good game descriptions. *My Turn at Bat*, by Ted Williams and John Underwood (Simon & Schuster, $5.95), is vigorous and informative. In *The Tommy Davis Story*, by Patrick Russell (Doubleday, $3.50), there are fewer baseball sequences and more personal material than in most baseball biographies; the book reads almost like fiction. Denny McLain's career is covered briefly and informally in Robert Jackson's *Thirty-One and Six* (Walck, $3.25.)

A mélange of professional advice and personal recollections makes *The Game of Baseball*, by Gil Hodges with Frank Slocum (Crown, $4.95), the most stimulating of the "how-to" books this year; it has chapters on skills and individual positions, as well as one on Little League. *Baseball Talk for Beginners*, by Joe Archibald (Messner, $3.95), is alphabetically arranged, with superficial coverage and cartoon-style illustrations. *Baseball as We Played It*, compiled by the editors of *Boys' Life* (Putnam, $3.95), consists of concise discussions of plays and positions by baseball players. Dell Bethel's *Inside Baseball: Tips and Techniques for Coaches and Players* (Reilly & Lee, $4.95) is rather heavily written but useful, and includes diagrams with the situation drills. *Baseball*, by Dick Siebert and Otto Vogel (Sterling, $2.95), is a revised edition of a sound book of suggestions, with good photographs and a list of Little League rules.



—From "Tucker's Countryside."

Perhaps the most noticeable aspect of baseball fiction is how much alike the stories are: variations on the player-with-a-problem theme. Seldom is there more to the baseball novel than detailed descriptions of games, thinly held together by the problem. What sets William Gault's *Stubborn Sam* (Dutton, $3.75) apart is the fact that Sam and his teammates emerge as real and likable people. The characters in *Two Time Rookie*, by Joe Archibald (Macrae Smith, $3.75), are, on the other hand, stock figures—the amiable rookie, the irascible coach.

In Dick Friendlich's *The Sweet Swing* (Doubleday, $3.95) a rookie, feeling that he'll never do better than the minors, decides to quit and go to college. *The Big Mitt*, by Jackson Scholz (Morrow, $3.75), is the competently written story of a pinch hitter who becomes a catcher. In C. Paul Jackson's *Pennant Stretch Drive* (Hastings House, $3.95) a major leaguer makes a comeback; the book has mediocre style but good action.

Two books about high school baseball are Robert Bowen's *Infield Flash* (Lothrop, $3.50), a patterned story about two boys in competition for the same position, and William MacKellar's *Mound Menace* (Follett, $3.50), in which the captain stands up for an unpopular newcomer, and the team finishes at the top of the league.

Bill Carol's *Lefty Plays First* (Steck-Vaughn, $2.95) is a slight book for younger boys about a twelve-year-old who learns to play first base when his pitching arm fails. The hero of Matt Christopher's well-written *Hard Drive to Short* (Little, Brown, $2.95) temporarily alienates his teammates by hanging around with an older boy. *Goofer Pitch*, by William Heuman (Dodd, Mead, $3.50), is a formula story for ages eight to ten; the captain neglects his Puerto Rican buddy for a wealthy new boy, but sees the error of his ways. Hal Higdon's *The Horse That Played Center Field* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $2.95) is just the gay nonsense it

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sounds. Finally, there are the already reviewed but not to be forgotten *Baseball Mouse*, by Syd Hoff (*SR*, Feb. 22), and *About the B'nai Bagels*, by Elaine Konigsburg (*SR*, Mar. 22).

Goodnight, Andrew, Goodnight, Craig. *By Marjorie Sharmat. Illustrated by Mary Chalmers. Harper & Row. 32 pp.* $2.95. It is perfectly clear that the combination of two small boys, a bunk bed, and a closed door are incitement to insurrection. Andrew is the younger, and he is not sleepy. "Craig." "What?" "There's a dinosaur in the window." "Craig." "What?" "I'm hungry." Periodically a patient father comes into the room and issues an injunction (à la Bill Cosby's routine) but only when Andrew can no longer fight off sleep does the dialogue end. The pale, demure illustrations have a note of humor, and the young listener should relish the fun and the typical bedtime pranks. Ages 4-6.

Thy Friend, Obadiah. *Written and illustrated by Brinton Turkle. Viking. 36 pp.* $3.95. Of all the sea gulls on Nantucket Island, why did this one follow Obadiah everywhere? On First Day, when all the family walked, single file, to meeting—there was the bird. "I think it is very nice that one of God's creatures favors thee," said Mother, but Obadiah felt it looked silly. One day he pulled off a hook and line that had tangled on the bird's beak, and that night Obadiah announced that he was now the sea gull's friend. The old-fashioned costumes in this engaging story are authentically detailed; the faces are bright with humor and affection, and the cheery firelight of the interior scenes are an effective contrast to those of the cold, gray wintry streets. Ages 6-9.

The Great Hamster Hunt. *By Lenore and Erik Blegvad. Harcourt, Brace & World. 32 pp.* $2.95. Nicholas couldn't have a hamster because his mother didn't like little, furry things. His friend Tony had one, Nicholas said, and *his* mother didn't like them either. It didn't work. Mother did agree to let Nicholas take care of the hamster while Tony was away, and the whole family went on a massive hamster-hunt when the pet disappeared. Finally Nicholas and his mother had to buy another hamster; naturally the first one turned up, after which Mother agreed reluctantly to let Nicholas keep the new one. The perky drawings add to the pleasure of a realistic and satisfying story that is written with grace and humor. Ages 7-9.

Tucker's Countryside. *By George Selden. Illustrated by Garth Williams. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 167 pp.* $3.95. Not to equivocate, this is whimsy at its sparkling best. It will be greeted with loud cheers by the admirers of *The Cricket in Times Square* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.50), at the end of which the well-known performer Chester Cricket decided to leave his friends in their happy home in the subway station and move to the country. In this sequel Harry Cat and Tucker Mouse receive an emergency plea for help, so they plan to rush to Chester's side—but are foiled because the train is a local. To save the beautiful meadow, which is in danger of imminent destruction-by-construction, our ingenious and brave heroes enlist the help of the local residents—among whom a few humans make unwitting contributions to the cause. The characters are a delight, the dialogue is amusing, the action is satisfying, and the conservation theme is used to advantage. More, more. Ages 8-11.

Archimedes Takes a Bath. *By Joan M. Lexau. Illustrated by Salvatore Murdocca. Crowell. 56 pp.* $3.50. Sooner or later almost everybody who reads learns about the inspired moment when Archimedes, bathing, was struck by the beautiful simplicity of his solution to the problem of whether or not the gold of the king's crown had been diluted. This is the inside story, untrue but delightful, of the orphaned boy, Xanthius, who was detailed by the king to keep an eye on the absentminded Archimedes and see that he ate and bathed. The scientist, concentrating on his problem, couldn't even remember who Xanthius was, but he discoursed amicably about his dilemma. A pleasant explanation of the Archimedian Principle is adeptly incorporated into an amusing story. Ages 9-11.

Singing Soldiers: A History of the Civil War in Song. *Selections and historical commentary by Paul Glass. Musical arrangements by Louis Singer. Grosset & Dunlap. 300 pp.* $6.95. Delightful old prints, sentimental or patriotic, illustrate an impressive collection of songs arranged for piano or guitar accompaniments to the melodic line. The long and informative preface, the notes preceding each selection, and the lyrics of the songs do indeed have historical value and the bibliography is useful, but it is probably a nostalgic appeal that most distinguishes *Singing Soldiers*. Ages 11 up.

The Cay. *By Theodore Taylor. Doubleday. 137 pp.* $3.50. Phillip was indignant when his mother decided to take him back to the United States because of the German submarines attacking the Venezuelan coast. When the ship was hit and the boy found himself alone on a raft with an old West Indian sailor, he was even angrier. Timothy was black, he was ugly, and he smelled different. This is the background for a totally absorbing Crusoe story, because the boy goes blind and is entirely dependent on the old man. Only slowly does Phillip begin to understand the patience and foresight with which the gentle, courageous Timothy has taught him to fend for himself if death should leave him quite alone—as it does. Starkly dramatic, believable and compelling. Ages 12-15.

New Parts for People: The Story of Medical Transplants. *By Nancy Rosenberg and Dr. Reuven K. Snyderman. Norton. 126 pp.* $4.25. Years of research, experimentation, and dedication have produced exciting new procedures and equipment that can save lives, make the blind or crippled see or use their limbs, and achieve cosmetic marvels through plastic surgery. In a brisk, informative book, the authors discuss organ transplants, artificial organs, skin grafts, prosthetics, eye banks, dialysis, and the legal and ethical questions involved, as well as such medical problems as rejection of tissue and lowered immunity. An important field, a timely book. Ages 12-15.

—From "Archimedes Takes a Bath."

My Enemy, My Brother. *By James Forman. Meredith. 250 pp.* $4.95. His parents had been killed fighting in the Warsaw ghetto and Daniel, who had seen brutality and hatred in a German concentration camp, wanted no part of war ever again. He had risked his life repeatedly to reach Israel but he refused to join the Irgun, and he detested the hostile attitude of his friend Gideon. A dilemma of our time is posed in the story of Dan's friendship with an Arab and the end of that friendship because neither Dan nor Saïd can avoid fighting in the Israeli-Arab conflict. The characters are drawn with massive effect, and the exploration of attitudes is honest and compelling. Like Forman's other books, this has a brooding thoughtfulness that verges on bitterness; it gives no easy answers but it is an incisive indictment of war. Ages 12-16.

The Day of the Dolphins. *By Robert Merle. Simon & Schuster. 320 pp.* $5.95. Moving into the realm of fantasy but blending it skillfully with realism, Robert Merle describes a grand experiment in which a dedicated scientist comes into conflict with the establishment. Under a government grant, Henry Sevilla is teaching two intelligent dolphins to talk; at first Bi and Fa (which is the way Bessie and Ivan say their names) speak in jerky monosyllables, but there is a sudden breakthrough and their speech becomes fluent. Sevilla loses his beloved pets when the government takes them away for military research, loses an assistant who is politically suspect, and retires to an island. Hoping for peace, he becomes inexorably involved in political intrigue. The ending of the book, which is written with vitality and momentum, is tense and dramatic. Not only are the human characters sharply and beautifully portrayed; the dolphins, too, are vivid personalities. For young adults.

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Marks of Identity

Continued from page 37

of Gironella. Despite the many Protestants and Freemasons in our population, America, more than any other foreign country, has helped to perpetuate in power the dictator of Spain and his oligarchs ("the voracious enemies of life") who have driven Alvaro and many fine Spaniards into exile. Alvaro worries about the Pentagon, about "Cardinal Spellman's friends," and about the American Sixth Fleet lying at anchor off Barcelona. His last recorded thought is addressed to Americans as much as anyone else: "Perhaps someone will understand later what order you tried to resist and what your crime was."

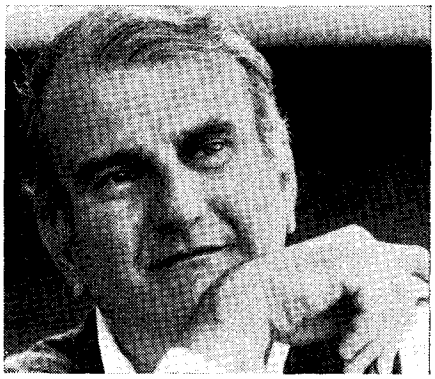
Robert J. Clements

"THE WAVES OF NIGHT" AND OTHER STORIES

by Harry Mark Petrakis
McKay, 230 pp., $5.95

FOR YEARS HARRY MARK PETRAKIS has been interpreting the Greek-American "experience" to an increasingly wide audience. It should come as no surprise that his new story collection, "*The Waves of Night*," contains a colorful assortment of the moods and concepts that have been traditionally, and sometimes erroneously, associated with the Greek approach to life. Because the stories are low-keyed and Petrakis's literary style, like his artistic aim, is extremely simple and unpretentious, the basic spirit affliction in these tales comes through all the more forcefully. Thus in his own quiet way Petrakis succeeds where an Updike would merely outrage us with immature exhibitionism or a Malamud bore us with contrived stage gestures.

Petrakis's vision is a tragic one, redeemed only occasionally by a brief wild exultation, suggesting Kazantzakis's *Zorba the Greek*. He writes in fact like an unaffected, present-day Sophocles out of Chicago (where Petrakis was born and raised, and where many of his stories are set). Usually ill at ease in the presence of the *komos* (revel) or *gamos* (ritualized union of the sexes) so important in the comedies of Aristophanes and Menander, he accompanies almost every story with an implied choric lament: Woe, oh woe! Call no man happy while he lives! So much for the vanity of human wishes! So much for the follies of the human heart! Even the odysseys in these stories are sad, and frequently disastrous.



—*Playboy Magazine.*

Harry Mark Petrakis—"low-keyed."

The major work in this book is the title story, "The Waves of Night" (one of the four previously unpublished tales in this group of eleven). Here Petrakis returns to an earlier theme and character, providing a kind of sequel to "The Miracle," which was included in the 1965 story collection, *Pericles on 31st Street*. The protagonist is a Greek Orthodox priest, Father Manos, who has lost his faith and his reason for existence, and thus fears that he is losing his mind as well. True, the same idea, with certain modifications, is made the basis for Unamuno's classic, "Don Manuel Bueno, Martyr," but Petrakis's picture of the priest's protracted agony can easily stand by itself without apology. In a series of sharply drawn scenes, Father Manos is brought face to face with soul-searing hypocrisy, nerve-shattering perverseness, and mind-staggering complacency. Finally he encounters the one human being—and he the most unlikely of all creatures—who can restore to him his lost, irreplaceable ideal. Ending with a kind of secular epiphany (as do a number of Petrakis's stories), "The Waves of Night" is surely one of the best short fictions of 1969.

Another superb story is the tragic love-idyl "Chrisoula," about a perfect *gamos*—for a fleeting season. Giving her all to her truck-driver husband, Petros, despite her father's dire warning, the fair Chrisoula sows the seeds of her own bereavement. Petros, as her father had clearly seen, "lives out of his time and his place. Centuries have passed him by. The stars and the rivers and the mountains call him back." But Petros's inevitable demise is not the ultimate tragedy of this haunting and prize-deserving work. More poignant even than some of Hawthorne's wedding-funeral tales, "Chrisoula" reveals the essential heartbreaking horror that lies at the core of a divinely happy *gamos*.

"Dark Eye" pictures a marriage union that is anything but happy—the narrator's father being a drunken, wife-beating maniac who can never adjust to being a grocery clerk in America when he had been a great puppetmaster in his native Greece. But who, the boy learns, can fathom the depths of a wife's love for her husband? Who can measure what was lost in the passage to the New World?

The theme of a too-late realization, an impossible homeward return, occurs again and again, as in "Homecoming," which concerns a young man who had left his sweetheart to pine hopelessly for him, and on his belated and half-casual return, finds his resurgent love for her thrown back in his face. Once more the tragedy is compounded, not only by his concomitant neglect of his mother, but by what his girl's loss really signifies. "We only love those who can still save us, he thought." Reading Petrakis, one becomes aware of the real nightmare of Odysseus's return to his Penelope, as though Homer were only providing mere hints.

Three other powerful stories are "End of Winter," about an unfaithful husband; "The Bastards of Thanos," which presents the confrontation of a dying Zorba-character with his never-known son, and "The Victim," in which Petrakis explores the feelings of an elderly Indian grieving over the body of a son who had already been lost to him for many years. "*The Waves of Night*" is a remarkably fine work, a series of tortured-soul portraits that reveal a worse world than we know, and make us resolve to seek a better one.

Samuel I. Bellman

Samuel I. Bellman, professor of English at California State Polytechnic College, Pomona, publishes poetry and literary criticism in various journals.

WIT TWISTER #118

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The _ _ _ _ _ _, that now
bears the Baptist's head,
You once did _ _ _ _ _ _ _
on, while grossly fed.
Your life-thread _ _ _ _ _ _ _
out. Vile and obscene.
Hope not in _ _ _ _ _ _,
Herod, to wash clean!

—A. S.

(*Answer on page 55*)

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Criminal Record

Fact

The Victims—The Wylie-Hoffert Murder Case and Its Strange Aftermath. *By Bernard Lefkowitz and Kenneth G. Gross. Putnam. $6.95.* Most New York City murders do not cross the Hudson River. The Wylie-Hoffert murders of 1963 crossed the nation and the world. The victims were young women of good background and education and with bright prospects (the label "career girls" was inevitable). The whole story, or as much of it as is so far available, is here set forth in an exemplary collaboration which extends to 510 pages. One man accused of the crime was released after a long imprisonment; another has been convicted and the case is now on appeal.

The Brier Affair. *By Carol Beattie. Photographs. Hewitt House. $5.95.* Mrs. Beattie's prologue opens: "This is a mystery story, though it is not a whodunit." The author's husband is a New Jersey minister. One of his parishioners was an apparently penniless ancient who slept in a chicken coop with the chickens. When he died he left quite an estate, which the Beatties delivered by hand to two of the derelict's sisters in England. The milk of human kindness has not yet gone completely sour.

Dashiell Hammett: A Casebook. *By William F. Nolan. Introduction by Philip Durham. McNally & Loftin, P.O. Box 1316, Santa Barbara, Calif. $6.95.* Any roster of the immortals among American mystery writers must include the name of the creator of *The Thin Man.* His memory is well and truly served by the publication of Mr. Nolan's comprehensive study of Hammett the man and writer and his influence on the English-writing world. The reader will especially welcome Nolan's checklist of 250 books, magazine

stories, articles, reviews, radio scripts, and even poems which Hammett produced.

The Grim Reapers: The Anatomy of Organized Crime in America. *By Ed Reid. Regnery. $6.95.* Vito Genovese, long-time overlord of the American Mafia, died while this uncompromising exposure was in press, but be of stout heart: a crown prince will take over if he hasn't already. Meanwhile Ed Reid's well-organized manual of the syndicate's operations will provide a convenient reference tool.

Hitler's Plot to Kill the Big Three. *By Laslo Havas. Translated from the Hungarian by Kathleen Szasz. Revised edition, with additional material, translated by Jean Ure. Photographs. Cowles. $5.96.* This month-by-month history of Operation Long Jump, whereby the Nazi brass hoped to dispose of Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt at Tehran in 1943, has some legitimate laughs despite its basic grimness.

Between Life and Death. *By Richard Hammer. Macmillan. $6.95.* A Maryland hillbilly type has spent nine years in Death Row because the state cannot make up its mind what to do about him. The whole catastrophic dilemma is analyzed in excruciating detail in Mr. Hammer's well-documented, step-by-step coverage of a rank instance of injustice.

Fiction

The Goodbye Look. *By Ross Macdonald. Knopf. $4.95.* Lew Archer, among the most literate of peepers, explores ancient crimes and scandals in order to solve contemporary killings, and turns in his usual fine job in the process. The area, of course, is L. A.

No Hiding Place. *By Rae Foley. Dodd, Mead. $3.95.* Double briefcase switch puts New York gal in jeopardy; four die before things get straightened out; love finds a way.

Swift to Its Close. *By Simon Troy. Stein & Day. $4.95.* Music festival in rural England comes apart when corpse turns up; cops abandon Mozart for murder. Delightfully implausible.

Bombshell. *By Richard Raine. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.* Lethal explosions in West Germany and Switzerland send English investigator pelting to scene of action; gay and lighthearted most of way, despite multiplicity of booms and bangs.

Sergeant Cuff

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1351

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1351 will be found in the next issue.

LUBBUQTTKIV: D TWKLQDOQ-TA GCU JBUGT KMKVNACQBY DSUIA TUZKACQBY DBR BUA-CQBY DSUIA DBNACQBY KOTK.

—DZSVUTK SQKVLK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1350

To have been well brought up is a great drawback nowadays. It shuts one out from so much.

—OSCAR WILDE.

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—*Wide World.*

Hoagy Carmichael—"a new form of music . . . of which Hoagy became one of the first and greatest masters."

HOAGY

by BUD FREEMAN in conversation with Irving Kolodin

ALMOST EVERYBODY KNOWS that Hoagy Carmichael wrote "Stardust." But who wrote "Georgia on My Mind," "Rockin' Chair," "Skylark," "Washboard Blues," "Riverboat Shuffle," "The Nearness of You," "Lazy River," "In the Cool Cool Cool of the Evening," "One Morning in May," and the other great songs totaling fourteen that aroused the enthusiasm of a choice group of jazzmen on the recently issued Monmouth-Evergreen MES 6917? The same Hoagy Carmichael, the light concealed by his modest bushel basket exposed at last. The exceptional contents of that basket and the reaction to them of such players as Lou McGarity and Buddy Morrow, trombones; Yank Lawson, trumpet; George Duvivier, bass; Bob Wilber, arranger and soprano sax; together with a revivified Maxine Sullivan singing better than ever, prompted a query to one of them. That was Bud Freeman, tenor sax man par excellence and author, also, of the excellent comments on the record jacket. To wit: What was it with Hoagy that makes this record a landmark on the jazz path going back almost into infinity?

FREEMAN: I've known and admired Hoagy's work since I was a kid in the Twenties at Austin High in Chicago. My good friend Frank Teschemacher called one day and said: "Bud, our idol is in town." That could mean only one person: Bix Beiderbecke, the greatest on horn we'd ever heard. So we made it to the club where he was playing, and during a break he went to the piano and began something we'd never heard before. "My God," I said, "what a fabulous thing you've written. Let's hear more." "It's not mine," he said. "It's a thing called 'Boneyard Shuffle' by a friend in college named Hoagy Carmichael." What knocked me out in this, what you would have to call avant-garde piano writing for those days, was: here he was still in college and with the skills of an experienced professional.

KOLODIN: Since we talked on the phone about doing this article I've been reading a very interesting book called *Sometimes I Wonder* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), which Hoagy wrote a few years ago in collaboration with Stephen Longstreet. It tells how he left

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—*Culver.*

Carmichael and friends, vintage 1928. The picture was taken at the Columbia Club in Indianapolis just after Carmichael signed a contract to record for Victor, whose dog trademark (Nipper) is more famous than any of the musicians in the background.

high school after a couple of years because it wasn't meaning much to him, and worked around Indiana—he was born in Bloomington—at odd jobs . . . even in a slaughterhouse at one time. But always he was most interested in music and playing the piano. He spent a lot of time in Indianapolis's Bucktown, playing with Negro musicians and learning their kind of music. They were not of any fame . . . just working musicians. . . . After a while, he came to the realization he wasn't going to get anyplace without an education, so he went back to high school in Bloomington, aged nearly twenty, and to Indiana University after that. . . .

FREEMAN: Didn't he pass the bar?

KOLODIN: Some time later . . . but by then it really didn't matter. He never made much use of his law, except to read contracts by. He had already written a couple of things and they were keeping him going, and he was making records, etc.

FREEMAN: My first meeting, as I say in the liner notes, was the result of the records he was making—around 1929?

KOLODIN: Right.

FREEMAN: I had come to New York a little while before, and he had a contract to do some things for Victor. Bix, with whom I had kept in touch all along, was in good health, and sober, and Hoagy had him as No. 1 man for these dates. That tells you something about Hoagy, musically. He could have done the records with one of the studio bands of the time—Nat Shilkret or somebody like that—but instead he got every great player that Bix recommended. There were nineteen or twenty in all, alternating on the different sides: the two Dorseys, Benny (and Harry) Goodman, Jack Teagarden, Peewee Russell, Bubber Miley (the great horn player with mutes), Joe Venuti on violin, Gene Krupa, Eddie Lang, Min Leibrook, the great man of the time on bass (tuba). . . . They weren't the famous "names" they became afterward, but the musicians all knew them. The unforgettable thing for me was to get to play with these great people, whom I had admired and in some cases met, but really hadn't worked with before.

Now the thing I remember so clearly about that series of dates was everybody thought "Stardust" was the worst damn tune they ever heard. . . . But the reason was, really, that the way it had been set up, it went at a fast tempo, like this—"dat dat dat dat, deet deet deet deet DU, diddle diddle dee . . . " and Leibrook in particular, pumping on tuba, loathed it. . . . He said, "Get rid of that stupid tune," and though Hoagy looked hurt, out it went. It wasn't until Isham Jones's record came out some months later, in a Victor Young arrangement at the proper slower tempo, that it became the tremendous success it has been from then on. [EDITOR'S NOTE: You can hear that original "Stardust" even now in Epic's *Encores from the Thirties* (Vol. I, L2N 6072).]

Now what I was trying to make clear in those notes, and perhaps didn't have as much space as it really required, was that Hoagy's writing, in contrast with most other writing that was going on at the time, was a composition of true jazz . . . his songs seem to improvise themselves in that they are based on true jazz phrases. . . . A very important point is that Hoagy and Bix were very close in those days, spent a lot of time together, and I don't think it would offend Hoagy to say that his writing was very much affected as a result. . . .

KOLODIN: I don't think it would offend him at all, because, in his book, he extols Bix in unrestricted terms and pays him every conceivable tribute.

FREEMAN: Good. Now I'll try to give you an example of what I mean. I don't sing, so I'll have to explain it this way. A Hoagy tune differs from almost all others of that time in its structure . . . like the beginning of "Stardust": "dat dat dat dat, dee dee dee dee DEE." That would be the end of a phrase in an ordinary song, and a very good phrase, too. But it *improvises itself* with the following "la da da da dum. . . ." Now this was either taken directly from the way the great Frank Trumbauer—Bix's partner on sax—phrased, or reproduced from Hoagy's absorption of this style. . . . In effect, he put into permanent form a way of playing that had been originated around that time by a handful of great musicians. . . .

KOLODIN: Now, this is all very interesting to me, because I was growing up at the time, and listening to popular music, or jazz, or whatever you want to call it, and I think the white musicians of the time—the good and great ones, I mean—have been grossly put down by later writers who followed the French lead that only Negroes played "the real Jazz." Give *them* all the credit they deserve, but why rob the others of what they are entitled to?

FREEMAN: It's a touchy subject, and Negroes have gone through hell and deserve every break. But since you raised the point, the truth is that there were only so many great musicians at the time, and some of them were white, some Negro. . . . Now, I was there in Chicago at the beginning (I'm sixty-three) and heard them all . . . including the great Bessie Smith in her prime . . . and singing with Jimmy Noone's band. I owe this to Bix, who took us out to the club where they were appearing, starting about 2 a.m. . . . No one had a beat like Bessie . . . her improvisation, if you could call it that, came from a natural rolling-off on a given note—which, as Bessie did it, was a work of art. Then there were around Chicago at the time the Dodds brothers, Johnny and Baby, on clarinet and drums, and the great King Oliver and Louis. But the ones that played with them—they were the kind that make so many of those old records sound old-fashioned. As a matter of fact, Beiderbecke had as great a beat (or greater) as anybody I ever heard . . . and if you could get Louis to talk about it, he'd agree. He used to rave about "that

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kid" and came to the Chicago Theater four to five times a week to hear Bix when Whiteman was there with him in the 1920s. . . .

So Bix had this beat and so did Hoagy . . . and it came through the jazz phrases he put into his songs. A perfect example is one of the tunes on this record. . . . Hoagy had something to do with a show or picture related to Bix. . . . Anyway, in this show an unseen character was supposed to be playing some Bix-like phrases. . . . Nobody remembers much of the show, but the "Beiderbecke-esque" phrases became his great song "Skylark." It took an artist like Hoagy to make a singing line of it, but here is how it goes: "da dum . . . dah-dah dah-dah dah-dah dat-dat-dat . . . dah-dah dah-dah dah-dah dat-dat-dat, dah-dah-dah dat-dat dat-dat dah. . . ." That's it—a perfect succession of Beiderbecke jazz phrases—made into a composition by a man who felt the beat . . . and knew how to build up a sequence that "improvises itself," as I call it. Now, when I say "jazz phrases," I mean something quite specific . . . a new form of music that was being born at the time, based on improvisation around a melody, of which Hoagy became one of the first and greatest masters. Now you mentioned Gershwin on the phone, and what makes Hoagy's tunes different. It's simple. Gershwin wrote lovely melodies, like "Summertime" . . . but when a jazz musician plays "Summertime" he feels a *need* to improvise around it, in order to express something he feels. But a Hoagy tune has the improvisation already in it, and there is *no need* to add to it. . . . Does this make any sense to you?

—*Culver.*

Carmichael as Cricket with Humphrey Bogart as Harry Morgan in the film "To Have and Have Not."

KOLODIN: Emphatically . . . the Carmichael songs emerged from a different background altogether . . . in fact, they are not really songs at all, for the most part, but jazz compositions to which words were put subsequently, in order to make them singable and more salable . . . like the lyrics Mitchell Parrish wrote for "Stardust," long after the fact of its writing . . . to express something of the mood in the title "Stardust"—a word, incidentally, which Carmichael says in his book he never knew the meaning of . . . he just liked the sound of it.

FREEMAN: Right, and well put. Now what I want to emphasize is that along with having the beat, and the jazz phrases, and the rest of it, Hoagy had a feeling for what was sung on the riverboats and in the Bucktowns that I had never heard before. . . . He had to *live* that kind of music in order to write as he did, and sing as he did on "Boneyard Shuffle" with the Whiteman Band.

KOLODIN: I think he must have picked it up in that period when he was out of high school and before he went back to get on with college. . . .

FREEMAN: Maybe you are right . . . but I want to mention before I forget how important that is . . . some of these later critics who never lived this music have no idea how important it is. . . . For example, when Louis was organizing his group a few years ago and wanted to have that clarinet player who had been with Ellington so long . . .

KOLODIN: Barney Bigard. . . .

FREEMAN: Yes, Barney Bigard with him and a prominent jazz critic tried to persuade Louis he shouldn't be in the group . . . and Louis said: "Man, what are you talkin' about? . . . He's one of the people *lived* this music." . . . This is a thing such critics don't understand.

KOLODIN: That reminds me of my reaction to hearing the great band that played in the pit for the Gershwins' *Strike Up the Band*—I didn't know the names of Krupa, or Goodman, or the Dorseys in those days, but I knew that what I was hearing was alive and something special. . . .

FREEMAN: They lived the music, too. . . .

KOLODIN: . . . which has surfaced again in the playing of such younger people on this record as Bob Wilber. . . .

FREEMAN: Another one who's lived it. . . . He's made a study of Sidney Bechet for twenty years, and the sound shows it . . . which brings me to something that happened when Don Redman visited with me not long before he died [in 1964]. We were listening to some records we liked, and Don said, out of his experience as one of the greatest of all arrangers, "You know, when I first went to New York in the late Twenties, I was amazed at how many musicians I worked with knew nothing about swing." "You mean Negro musicians?" I asked. . . . "Absolutely," he answered. "They were as corny as anyone. Beiderbecke was way out ahead of all of them." . . . That's not an opinion, it's a musical fact . . . and it goes from him into Hoagy and the kinds of songs we are talking about. . . .

KOLODIN: That he lived the music too. . . .

FREEMAN: Unquestionably . . . which is why I must mention that incident I was talking to you about on the phone —it happened back in the Thirties, when Hoagy got married, here in New York, and invited all his many friends, musical and otherwise. . . .

KOLODIN: Here it is in the book—May 1936. . . .

FREEMAN: 1936? I would have thought earlier. . . . Anyway, Condé Nast was there and Sherman Fairchild and George Gershwin and the fellow who published *Time*. . . .

KOLODIN: Henry Luce. . . .

FREEMAN: Henry Luce, and Bunny Berigan, the great trumpet player and his Famous Door group, and Hoagy asked me to come. I was then with the Ray Noble Band . . . and when everybody was celebrating after the ceremony, who sat down at the piano but Mrs. Carmichael—I mean Hoagy's *mother*, who must have been nearly seventy at the time—and she sat down and ripped off a performance of "Maple Leaf Rag" which floored the whole group, musicians and all. . . . It seems she had quite a flair for this, had picked it up when she was quite young, and still played in movie theaters for silent pictures while she was raising a family. . . . But, I mean, she had the left foot going and was bent over the keyboard with her hands flying, looking exactly like Hoagy, and here was Gershwin . . . he was kind of tall wasn't he, I know you knew him?

KOLODIN: Rather tall, yes.

FREEMAN: He was leaning over the piano across from me, and it got to be

(*Continued on page* 59)

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John and Yoko Ono Lennon: Give Peace a Chance

MONTREAL, CANADA.

There is more to rock than music. There's a life-style, and an ethic, even a politic to it, and it all adds up to a very healthy if somewhat desperate mirror of the visions and intentions of the turned-on, tuned-in generation that is through with dropping out, a generation that has ceased to be an age bracket. Rock is music come of age in a time of continual global crisis that pours from every media outlet. Rock is the sensibility of the young, the unsheltered generation; rock is music that asserts and reflects the visions and rebelliousness of its audience.

The music protests loudly and celebrates itself widely. It is considered not only an art or society's sideshow, but a social force with which millions identify. Every beat of the new music creates and reflects unrestrained cries for change, for liberation, and, most of all, for peace. Rock is, for those whose lives are intimately involved and even dominated by it, a creed, a religion without dogma.

Synonymous with decadence to its critics (few in number but loud in censorious comment), rock is actually the healthiest mass art form a generation ever had to speak for it. Rock may be beautiful to watch and hear, but its surface beauty is mere glitter, if one considers the stuff its substance is made of.

Beatle John Lennon and his wife Yoko Ono have recently returned to London after several days in Canada, where they were finally denied a visa. They held open house in Montreal, then had to go to Toronto for a hearing at the Canadian Department of Immigration to establish whether or not they could stay. The answer was a "No," but officers of the Immigration Department still wanted their autographs, and they were obliged.

In March, the couple had honeymooned in Amsterdam, opening their doors to reporters while they stayed in bed as a demonstration for peace and against all violence. The press was skeptical. They wanted to know if the reports that the couple would not hesitate to make love in front of friends were true. Perhaps a genuine demonstration for peace was incomprehensible to the cynical-sharp Establishment press, which by now is inured to reporting the constant barrage of violence and injustice marking this epoch.

The impact of evil is special to this generation — the young who literally see, hear, and experience all of it at once—and particularly to the Beatles, who have committed to an art form admired so widely it cannot be ignored the experience of being young and all that goes with it. "How can evil be rampant in the world (as it clearly is) when I do not know one single evil person?" a Berkeley youth writes, and I understand exactly what he means.

There is an innocence in rock's plea for a new world, an innocence born of the painful reality of idealists living in a sea of bigotry, assassination, greed, and dehumanizing bureaucracies. It can no longer be passed off as naïveté; today's young and today's music live in the "global village" Marshall McLuhan has defined. There is a knowing innocence about Beatles music particularly, an innocence that often gives way to savage social satire and criticism when its spirituality is threatened. Lennon, long known as the cynical, iconoclastic Beatle, at this point—with full knowledge of the implications of his public behavior—turns his life to a major (and personally expensive) crusade for peace, and he's deadly serious about it. He's willing to subject himself to the press for ten hours each day for extended periods of time, and he's determined to fight for his right to demonstrate throughout the world.

Because of a marijuana conviction, Lennon is not eligible for a visa to enter the United States (to demonstrate for peace). The ruling is being appealed. Horrified by the hypocrisy of such a restriction, Lennon parked himself, his lady, her child, an entourage of press aides, and a film crew north of the border to give radio interviews in the States, and to reapply for a visa. The application had to be withdrawn because of legal technicalities.

Drugs are the excuse here, not the issue. Marijuana laws have made felons out of 60 per cent of the population under thirty, and have created most of the hostility between the youth and the law in this country. Inextricably entwined with rock music, the drug controversy rages as the single most irritating source of conflict between generations. It's a simple way in which the Establishment can hit out with real force against its children who embarrass it by refusing to accept the errors of their elders as a way of life. If John Lennon's conviction is used to prevent him from fulfilling his mission for peace, we may be missing a brilliantly appropriate opportunity to see the kind of change rock music proselytizes. It makes no sense at all.

Lennon, however, is implacably optimistic. "I'm sure we'll get there," he said confidently. "It's just a matter of under what conditions. We won't play games with the guv'ments."

He is particularly distressed about student violence. "The students are being conned! It's like the school bully:

—Wide World.

Yoko Ono Lennon, her daughter Kyoto, and John Lennon at the Freeport, Bahamas, airport awaiting their flight to Canada.

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he aggravates you and aggravates you until you hit him. And then they kill you, like in Berkeley. Establishment, it's just a name for . . . evil. The monster doesn't care . . . the blue meanie is insane. We really care about life. Destruction is good enough for the Establishment. The only thing they can't control is the mind, and we have to fight for sanity and peace on that level. But the students have gotten conned into thinking you can change it with violence and they can't, you know, they can only make it uglier and worse."

Nothing has ever been made better by violence, and nothing ever will. Violence on the part of the young is the product of a frustration they won't outgrow. At the basis of that frustration is the certain knowledge that this planet and this society could provide a much better environment than they do. They experience the joy of being among kindred minds at a rock concert. Their music is their communication medium and their catechism, their treasured product and their hopes, turned up so loud that nothing can be heard above it. It's a vital force generating hope positively and constructively in this, the last half of the century that could sentence the globe to destruction. The Beatles were the leading edge of the rebirth—who better than a Beatle, now, could stand up and provide a figure around whom youth can mobilize and end all this madness?

Lennon's Canadian stay was characterized by the mayhem and adventure that attend all Beatles doings. He was visited by hundreds of reporters and guests who included Allen Ginsberg, Timothy Leary, and Dick Gregory. A TV special was made and shown in the States. The telephones were busy with calls from American and Canadian disc jockeys. The Hare Krishna people showed up. Fans followed him from Montreal to Toronto, bearing poems and gifts. Al Capp was so hostile to the Lennons that he had to be asked to leave. He was thereafter referred to as "Al Crap," and Lennon said, "How much time do you spend with the Al Craps? I think it's better to get at his children. They haven't had fifty years of building up their wall."

If John Lennon is prevented from coming to this country and pleading his case to "give peace a chance," it will be America's great loss. If the mother culture loses its children, the future is lost and the present will continue to be unbearable. There is great beauty fighting to flower here, but if the repression of the young continues, they will surely regurgitate all the ugliness forced upon them. Lennon wants to stop youth's violence. And he may be just the one able to do it.

—Ellen Sander.

Prokofiev's Satiric "Oranges"

The gift of stirring an audience to laughter is no mean one. And if an opera goes beyond this to couple joy with intellectual awareness, it travels with the top quality that has set *Figaro*, *Falstaff*, and *Meistersinger* apart from most other comedies in music. One may be stretching a point to include Prokofiev's *The Love for Three Oranges* in such company. It is not, like any of these scores, a major masterpiece. And on early acquaintance it appears diamond-hard, giving off only brilliance and hilarity. Yet the opera does refract a softer light as well.

If this last observation seems puzzling to listeners who recall the New York City Opera's bright and essentially comic-strip production, Angel/Melodiya's recent release of *Oranges* in stereo (SRBL-4109, $11.98) should change the picture. Prokofiev's marvelous score meshes glitter and fantasy with pathos in the degree that has brought credit to a more familiar *Coq d'Or*. And, basically, the recording should reaffirm the operatic standing of a composer so protean as to have excelled in almost every branch of music. He looms high among the theater men of our century—and towers notably above his Russian contemporaries. Alongside the wit and fluidity of *Love for Three Oranges*, Stravinsky's stage mirth comes off rather stiffly.

Prokofiev composed this comedy in 1919 for production at the Chicago Opera, then a theater in the stream of world events. For various reasons, contractual and financial, the premiere did not take place until two years later. During the interval, Prokofiev started work on still another opera, with no prospect of its being mounted: *The Flaming Angel*. Both scores are really one in spirit, indivisible and unique in our literature. The black intensity of the later opera is projected forward into the first act of *Oranges*; while the sardonic humor of the earlier project reappears in flashes of *Angel*.

One cannot report that all of the color potentialities in *The Love for Three Oranges* have been realized in Angel/Melodiya's recent release, but the reading by Moscow Radio's Orchestra and Chorus, with a well-chosen cast under the direction of Dzhemal Dalgat, is a solid one that produces many of the awaited pleasures. Unfortunately, the quality of performance outstrips the stereo sound, which is primitive and lacking in real separation. And thereby hangs a guess. Identical principals, chorus, and orchestra have been listed in Schwann for this opera under the label of Ultraphone (121-122, mono), with Dalgat conducting. And I have been listening to a remarkably similar *Oranges* with the same orchestra, chorus, and maestro, soloists not specified, on a mono, Period TE-1122. Could it be that the current stereo was taped at the same time as the monos (*one*, in fact, with dual sales outlet) and released only now? The recording, to judge by chronology in Schwann, must have taken place about 1964. Intervening years and more sophisticated means would account for the difference between this and the finer sonic products from Angel/Melodiya, such as the recent *Pique Dame*.

Lacking in performance is orchestral snap, perhaps a result of faulty engineering—instruments deprived of presence, emphasis too consistently on voice. Yet technical deficiencies alone cannot explain away a certain blandness. In comparing, for verve, the scene of the infernal card game with another on discs, my memory travels back to an early and more incisive recording by the London Symphony and Albert Coates (V-9128)—jagged, menacing rhythms, odd violinistic swoops only loosely defined in the newer release.

The darker side of Prokofiev's opera is better realized. The conclave of evil forces—Clarissa, Smeraldina, Leandro—at the close of Act I comes off with notable impact, all three voices being equal to the rugged music. And their guardian spirit, Fata Morgana, sings with distinction in moments of her own.

If Prokofiev's humor does not always come off with full brilliance, it is on the whole well served. That memorable moment when the Prince, a prey to chronic melancholy, suddenly bursts into laughter; the uproarious colloquy between the two *buffi*, Cook and Truffaldino; the sassy march and scherzo when heard in context—all are outlined with believability; and the score's funniest moment, when the royal herald lifts his trumpet in vainglorious proclamation and the music comes out on the bass trombone, emerges with profile.

As for the Moscow Radio Orchestra, it plays well without reaching the standards set by Bolshoi Theater recordings. Until a fully definitive *Oranges* appears, this release is worth having.

—Robert Lawrence.

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Recordings in Review

I Musici in Brandenburg

BACH: *Concerto No. 1 in F. I Musici; with Felix Ayo, violino piccolo; Heinz Holliger, Maurice Bourgue, and Hans Kull, oboes; Erich Penzel and Gerd Haucke, horns; Karl Weihs, bassoon. Concerto No. 2 in F. I Musici; with Ayo, violin; Severino Gazzelloni, flute; Holliger, oboe; and Maurice André, trumpet. Concerto No. 3 in G. I Musici. Concerto No. 4 in G. I Musici; with Ayo, violin; Frans Brüggen and Jeanette Van Wingerden, recorders. Concerto No. 5 in D. I Musici; with Ayo, violin; Maxence Larrieu, flute; and Maria Teresa Garatti, harpsichord. Concerto No. 6 in B flat, with János Scholz, viola da gamba.* Philips stereo, PHS 2-912, $11.96 (two discs).

RARELY have so many names been assembled on behalf of a project so worthy as the combination of Italy's finest string ensemble and one of the greatest glories of Germanic musical production. The outcome suggests, to this taste at least, that only one name was omitted—that of a wholly qualified conductor who would have formed all the promising elements into a formidably functional entity.

This may strike at the very heart of the philosophic premise on which this undertaking is founded: to channel the great skill and ensemble background of I Musici into the execution of what the nameless annotator describes as "merely *concerti grossi* of a type Vivaldi and Handel would have instantly recognized," possessed of "no formal mystique." Possibly, but there is, after all, the question of style, content, flow, syntax—which may, in a manner of speaking, not be as readily translatable into satisfactory results where a barrier (of language or temperament) intrudes.

That, of course, is where a wise and experienced conductor could have been utilized: to control the phrase endings, choices of tempi, accentuations, etc., which now and again fall short of ideal in these performances. There is, prevailingly, a warmer, freer, more elastic and resilient result in the slow movements than in the fast. This I attribute to a greater sympathy, in I Musici, on behalf of such songfulness than for the structural design of the contrapuntal *allegros*. I note, without further comment, that the liveliest and most unified of the performances is accorded No. 3 in G—which is, of course, written for strings alone.

Otherwise, there are some patches of cloudy (if not foggy) intonation in both Nos. 1 and 2 (which may relate to Ayo's violino piccolo in No. 1 and definitely does relate to André's high trumpet in No. 2); a good deal of lovely sound in No. 5, much of it contributed by Larrieu's flute (see entry under Beethoven Serenade, on page 52); and a well-controlled viola da gamba stint from Scholz (an original member, as cellist, of the Roth Quartet). Compliments are also in order to Brüggen and Van Wingerden for making their recorder passages a model of clarity and consonance. The other "recorder" —unnamed, but obviously of high skill —deserves compliments also for the excellent reproduction.

Schubertiad, 1969 Style

SCHUBERT: *"Seligkeit"; "Gretchen am Spinnrade"; "Du liebst mich nicht"; "Heimliches Lieben"; "Im Frühling"; "Die Vögel"; "Der Jüngling an der Quelle"; and "Der Musensohn." Elly Ameling, soprano; with Jörg Demus, pianist. "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen." Ameling, soprano; Jörg Demus, piano; and Hans Deinzer, clarinet. Twelve Ländler, Op. Posth. 171. Demus, piano.* Victrola stereo, VICS 1405, $2.50.

SOMEONE up there had a good idea in the creation of a phonographic parallel to those celebrated events of Viennese life which began, as Philip Miller's excellent notes advise us, on the night of January 29, 1821, in the home of Franz Schober, and endured as long as Schubert did. The Schubertiad was no more nor less than an evening devoted entirely to the music of his friends' favorite composer, in which the participants ranged from intimate friends to lawyers and government officials, to the number of a dozen and a half or twenty. After a couple of hours of music, punch was provided, and there might be more music till 2 or 3 a.m.

This suggestion of such a sequence begins well with a lovely and loving performance of "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen," by the Dutch-descended Elly Ameling, who has just the fluently lyric voice desirable for this music, and the aptest kind of style. Demus is a discreetly contributory pianist, and Hans Deinzer (no identification is provided) makes a vocal match for Ameling in his beautifully phrased, tonally liquid treatment of the clarinet part. No display here by this virtuoso; he is all collaborator, all artist, and the less forgettable for both traits.

It progresses well, and typically, with Demus taking over at a Viennese piano (vintage 1835) to tread his way, with admirable finesse and lack of insistence, through a dozen dance pieces that range from exhilarating to melancholy. And as only Schubert can be, he is sometimes at his most exhilarating when he is also at his most melancholy.

However, things do not go so typically from then on. Ameling finishes Side 1 with a charming "Seligkeit," with Side 2 devoted entirely to her singing of seven songs. Along about here one gets the impression that the party might have adjoined to a nearby ballroom or theater, for the acoustical frame tends to broaden and verge on a resonance beyond that suitable for the claimed description of a recording done "in the intimate style of the historic 'Schubertiad.'" Moreover, Miss Ameling has not yet the maturity of style or depth of feeling for "Gretchen am Spinnrade." Both may very well come in time, when she could be ready for another Schubertiad.

The Heart of Dorothy Maynor

BACH: *"Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee."** HANDEL: *"Oh, Sleep! Why Dost Thou Leave Me" (Semele).*** MOZART: *"Ach, ich fühl's" (The Magic Flute);** "Alleluja" (Exsultate jubilate).**** DVORAK: *"O Lovely Moon" (Rusalka).***** CHARPENTIER: *"Depuis le jour" (Louise).** DEBUSSY: *"Air de Lia" (L'Enfant prodigue).** DUPARC: *"Phidylé";**** "L'Invitation au voyage."***** SCHUBERT: *"Liebesbotschaft."*****; "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen." ****** SPIRITUAL: *"Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen"; and "In Dat Great Gittin' Up Morning." Dorothy Maynor, soprano; with *Eugene Ormandy conducting The Philadelphia Orchestra;** Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra; ***Sylvan Levin conducting, ****Erich Leinsdorf conducting, *****with George Schick, piano,***** with Schick, piano, and David Oppenheim, clarinet. (Spirituals with male choir).* RCA, LM 3086, $5.98 (mono only).

THE most recently recorded of these items (the two Duparc songs and the Dvorák aria) date to 1949, which means that more than twenty years have since passed, and brought with them a new generation of music lovers to whom Dorothy Maynor can hardly be more than a name. If they are enticed, by the promise of some extra-

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ordinarily beautiful singing, to sample this disc, they will readily recognize why it can rightfully bear the title *The Art of Dorothy Maynor*. If they go on to savor its contents, live with them, and understand the kind of qualities they convey, they will then comprehend that it was not alone the art, but the heart of Dorothy Maynor that made her outstanding in her time of greatness.

That was, on the whole, not as long a span as one might have supposed, for she burst into promise in the late Thirties when Serge Koussevitzky introduced her to an astonished audience at Tanglewood late in the summer of 1939. But it was not as easy then as it has since become for a first-rate talent of her race to make a career, and it took her rather longer to attain the position to which she was entitled. Operatic opportunities were, of course, completely circumscribed.

There is a lingering impression that her voice was at its most beautiful, as well as at its greatest expressivity, in the earliest records she made, those including the hardly surpassable *Semele* excerpt, the "Air de Lia," and, of course, the still exquisite "Depuis le jour" (all made in 1939-1940). But there is exceptional flexibility in her "Hirt auf dem Felsen" (though German was never a language in which she seemed wholly comfortable), and the *Rusalka* selection rivals any version of which there is general knowledge.

A vocalist of perception once made a distinction between singers of top quality by dividing them between "singers who sing the music" and "singers who sing the voice." That is to say, grading in the highest terms those whose concern is not with showing off the beautiful sounds they can make, but with how they can best serve the beautiful material they are privileged to perform. Dorothy Maynor was one of the select who always sang the music, not the voice, which is why it still goes from the heart to the heart.

—*RCA.*

Dorothy Maynor—"extraordinarily beautiful singing."

Davis's English-Speaking "Seasons"

FROM its first word, Colin Davis's version of Haydn's "The Seasons" (Philips stereo, PHS 3-911, $17.94) is different from any other now available. For that first word is "Behold!"—not the German equivalent ("*Seht*") of the versions by Böhm and Goehr that constitute its current competition. This defines it as, in truth, "The Seasons," rather than merely *Die Jahreszeiten* with a more manageable name.

For my taste, there is an equally good case to be made for either procedure. To be sure, Haydn set a German translation made from the original; but that original was written by James Thomson many decades before the composition of this work, and has an independent identity as a work of art. Thus, for the English-speaking listener there are unquestionable gains, provided the vernacular text is made with an expert's skill and a poet's taste.

There is skill and there is taste in the translation utilized by Davis and his vocalists: baritone John Shirley-Quirk, soprano Heather Harper, tenor Ryland Davies, and the BBC chorus. But whose skill and whose taste? Unlike the earlier instance of "The Seasons" in English (on Capitol SGCR 7184), there is no visible identification of a translator or editor. In that earlier instance, the late Sir Thomas Beecham went to considerable lengths to obtain a new version by Dennis Arundell. He, in turn, went to considerable pains to explain exactly what he had done: translated into English the text by Baron Gottfried Van Swieten that Haydn had set, inserting original expressions of Thomson wherever possible. Who has done what in the Davis version is, as of this moment, unclarified.

This point aside, the new version, performed with great zest and animation under the direction of the most able new conductor to appear in England since the war, has much to commend it. It has now become almost expected that Davis will scrub clean from any score he undertakes the accumulated blemishes and encrusted procedures that have accrued to it in decades of usage. "The Seasons" is no exception. It fairly glows with the clarity and sheen that Davis has restored to its decades-old patina by the polish of his treatment. Verbally, it is a delight, especially when the words are articulated through the resonance of Shirley-Quirk's voice. Davies is almost as clear, though not as resonant,

—*S. Hurok.*

John Shirley-Quirk—"Verbally . . . a delight."

and Miss Harper performs on even terms with her colleagues save when the range climbs high and a chill invades her sound.

At moments, indeed, one is persuaded that this is the best all-round "Seasons" recently available, in whatever language. These are the blither, more spirited moments—some at the very beginning and again in the "Hunt of Autumn"—in which Davis's springy rhythmic accentuation, his feeling for pace and momentum urge the music along in a way befitting his privilege of being perhaps the youngest conductor ever to undertake it phonographically. In every case, Davis deals justly with the musical symbols, not always with equal responsiveness to the poetic images they are meant to convey.

There are, however, considerable stretches of other kinds of music in "The Seasons"—more reflective, less active expressions that call for another kind of aptitude and sympathy. In these Davis is invariably considerate and musically subtle, but one senses now and then either a bit of ennui in the conductor's tolerance of the lengths at which Haydn had expressed himself, or, at the least, an involuntary slackening of attention. Thus I would suggest as the best balanced of all current versions the Böhm (on DGG stereo, 159 254/6) with Gundula Janowitz, Peter Schreier, and Martti Talvela as the vocal trio. Those who own the Beecham version are advised to keep it; but others, with a taste for the English translation, can be safely commended to Davis and his assorted associates. Very clear, very just recording.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I

Orchestral LPs

Data	Report
Chabrier: Overture to *Gwendoline; España; Joyeuse Marche*; "Fête polonaise" *(Le Roi malgré lui)*; *Habanera*; and *Bourrée fantasque.* Pierre Dervaux conducting the Orchestra of the Paris Conservatory, with the René Duclos Chorus. Seraphim stereo, S-60108, $2.49.	For those to whom no amount of Chabrier can be in excess of the tolerable, this collection—not previously circulated in the U.S.A.—will be full of rewards, in sum as in its parts. The possible exception is the Overture to *Gwendoline,* which is more of a curio than a bijou, but diverting in its own way. For the rest, there is "Fête polonaise" complete with its choral elements (likely to be omitted on its rare appearances in the concert hall), which play a more consequential part in its sometimes stuttering rhythmic accents than is revealed in the orchestral version alone; a romping performance of the *Joyeuse Marche;* a deftly inflected *España;* and a languorously insinuating *Habanera.* A timpanist with the Orchestre Pasdeloup for eleven years (1934-1945) before he conducted for the first time at the war's end, Dervaux has not only the rhythmic sense that background suggests, but also a keenly discriminating ear for subtle shadings of woodwind and brass values. This applies also to his perceptive version of the *Bourrée fantasque* (as orchestrated by Felix Mottl).
Goldmark: *Rustic Wedding Symphony.* Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia stereo, MS 7261, $5.98.	While this version will hardly displace the Beecham-Royal Philharmonic performance in the affections of those who have the good fortune to be acquainted with it (and might well be worth consideration as an Odyssey release), it is very much to Bernstein's credit and certainly the best the catalogue now offers. The first four of the five movements are beautifully re-created, with a nice blend of affection for their content and sympathy for the manner of their expression. Bernstein makes a little more of a production of the finale than suits its best interests, but the musical matter is, on the whole, warmly, truly, creatively conveyed. It also shows the Philharmonic and its solo instrumentalists to excellent advantage, not only through their skills alone, but also through the high quality of the recording.
Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 88 in G and 102 in B flat. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia stereo, MS 7259, $5.98.	In the long succession of worthy performances of No. 88 in G, Bernstein's may be the latest, but it is far from the least. Indeed, it belongs with the best of the last decade (which is to say, with Szell's mono version and Bruno Walter's). It misses standing in a category of its own only because the slow movement, as Bernstein conceives it, is drawn out to lengths hard to justify even in terms of Haydn's choice of *largo* ("broad, slow") for its tempo marking. On the other hand, the kind of figuration Haydn develops as the slow movement of No. 102 evolves is not merely well served by Bernstein's leisurely pace, but very much in need of it. This makes it a perfect point of rest in a work whose humors and moods are beautifully judged by Bernstein, and affectingly re-created. What he brings to it in vigor of thought and of spirit are in the best vein of his Haydn conducting generally, as hitherto exemplified in the set of the six "Paris" Symphonies (Nos. 82-87). The resonant, well-balanced recording is among the best examples of the Philharmonic's contemporary sound on discs.
Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies Nos. 1 and 2. **Dvorák:** *Scherzo Capriccioso.* **Smetana:** Overture, Polka, and "Furiant" *(The Bartered Bride).* Eugene Ormandy conducting The Philadelphia Orchestra. RCA stereo, LSC 3085, $5.98.	The Philadelphia Orchestra plays these works like the great orchestra it is, but it does not always sound that way. That is to say, in terms of ensemble, discipline, and a virtuosity that is safe at all speeds, it earns honors; but the tonal output, as reproduced, tends to lack vibrance, the richness of string patina which is the rightful mark of this old master of an orchestra. It strikes me that there has been an overconcentration on clarity, definition, and distinction (the solo instruments are uniformly better in quality than the total ensemble), with some sacrifice of resonance and blend. The performances, per se, are in every instance highly polished, to a degree, indeed, that the amount of effort expended exceeds the amount of enjoyment conveyed . . . especially in the relaxed, folksy Smetana pieces, which are put through their paces overstrenuously for my taste. The Rhapsody No. 1 is the most successful of the four.
Stravinsky: *Pulcinella; Apollon Musagète.* Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, directed by Neville Marriner. Argo stereo, ZRG 575, $5.95.	The chances of any independent group, such as Marriner's, surpassing the quality results accessible to ensembles of greater resources and enduring existence are at best marginal. When they invade territory assiduously cultivated by the composer himself (and contemporary specialists), the margin becomes slender indeed. These performances are satisfactory enough so far as impulse is concerned (better in *Apollon Musagète* than in *Pulcinella*), but the sound quotient in the execution is less than satisfactory. *Pulcinella* demands more precision, finesse, and dynamic differentiations than are provided, and, though *Apollon* swings off at an attractively sustained pace, it doesn't hold it steadily. Good enough recording, but there are better versions of both works.
Weber, Ben: Concerto (Op. 52). William Masselos, piano; with The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Gerhard Samuel. **Wuorinen Charles:** Concerto. The composer at the piano; with James Dixon conducting. CRI stereo, USD 239, $5.95.	Ben Weber, who is old-fashioned enough to use opus numbers as an index to the sequence of his works, is also old-fashioned enough to use his tonal materials in a way that provides an index for them in the mind of his listener. That may be an invidious compliment in some circles, but it is also designed to identify Weber with the ability to convey mood, context, and some degree of meaning in his self-devised kind of serialism. Masselos works hard on behalf of the work for which he was responsible (by a commission through the Ford Foundation), and Samuel demonstrates—again—his command of clear means for getting the results he desires. Wuorinen's work utilizes the piano more or less conventionally, but the orchestra (scored with triple winds) is dominated by a nine-man percussion section. It has its interests, but these tend to a repetitious pattern of drum beat, piano punctuation, brass interjection that renders the tonal argument static. Both works are twenty minutes in length, which may be the first and last time on LP that two concerti of precisely equal duration have been paired. P.S.: The Wuorinen sounds longer. —Irving Kolodin.

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The Other Side

Thomas Heinitz

"Hamlet" in Twelve-Tone Releases and Reissues

LONDON.

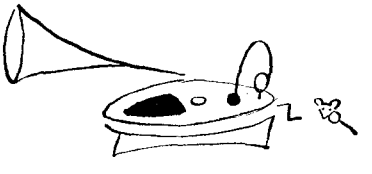
THE CAUSE OF contemporary opera, ever a shy and delicate plant in the hothouse surroundings of the world's more opulent, internationally minded lyric theaters, suffered a major setback at Covent Garden recently with the ill-fated production of Humphrey Searle's *Hamlet*. This opera, the third to date by the fifty-three-year-old, Oxford-born composer, reached the Royal Opera House just over a year after its world premiere at the Hamburg Staatsoper where, under Rolf Liebermann's enlightened regime, much has been done to encourage present-day composers to contribute to the repertoire. There, of course, *Hamlet* was sung in a German translation, but in its original English setting—a severely pruned version of Shakespeare's text—Searle's music is pitted against lines of unsurpassed splendor which are, for once in the opera house, totally audible because most of us know them by heart.

It is, alas, a terribly unequal contest, as it was bound to be: Searle's serial methods—all the motives in *Hamlet* are derived from one twelve-note row—seem totally irrelevant to the musical requirements of Shakespearean verse (whatever these may be), and all we are left with is a pallid ghost of a great tragedy. It was not without significance that the only passage which appeared to evoke any positive response was the "Play Scene," where Searle skillfully parodies a nineteenth-century operatic style (Tchaikovsky, rather than more obvious Italian models), and it is difficult to believe that even a dramatic composer of outstanding genius would have set himself so utterly impossible a task.

It is sad to contemplate the resources that the Royal Opera — financially aided on this occasion by The Friends of Covent Garden—lavished on this ill-starred venture for, following the first performance, the singer of the title role, the gifted young Canadian baritone Victor Braun, became indisposed and, as his only available understudy was similarly afflicted, subsequent performances had to be called off one by one. Whether an attempt will be made next season to revive the production is anybody's guess for, though the house was full for the premiere (as it usually is on such occasions), booking for the later performances had been exceedingly poor. But the real tragedy behind this fiasco must surely be that it will serve further to discourage the Royal Opera and its public from future forays into the contemporary repertoire. After talking with people during the intervals of the first night, it transpired that most of them blamed *Hamlet* not for being musically inadequate but simply for being "modern."

In the record industry — relieved though it must undoubtedly be that the recent budget did not include further increases in purchase tax (which had more than doubled in the course of 1968)—the feeling seems to be gaining ground that too many new classical discs are being released month after month, and some companies (among them, 'tis said, EMI) are considering a break with hallowed tradition by issuing new releases each alternate month.

Meanwhile, however, the May lists are as crowded as ever. Zubin Mehta's performance of Strauss's *Heldenleben* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic is impressive up to a point, and magnificently recorded, but I do not find it quite as convincing as their recently issued disc of *Also sprach Zarathustra* which, thanks partly to the stimulus provided by the film *2001*, is fast becoming something of a best seller. Other orchestral discs from Decca include an admirable coupling by the London Symphony under Claudio Abbado of Janácek's Sinfonietta and Hindemith's Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes by Weber, as well as three Mozart symphonies—Nos. 31, 32, and 35—neatly performed, but without much imagination or sparkle, by Karl Münchinger and the Klassische Philharmonie, Stuttgart. For me, however, Decca's outstanding May issue is a coupling of two Britten song cycles: the familiar *Holy Sonnets* of John Donne, superbly performed as always by Peter Pears and the composer, and the comparatively new, hitherto unrecorded *Songs and Proverbs* of William Blake, which Britten wrote for Fischer-Dieskau. Singing in excellent English, the German baritone here responds to the stimulus of the great composer-accompanist with a performance of real splendor and seeming spontaneity of a cycle that must be ranked among Britten's finest and most imaginative ones.



A lengthy EMI list, while not containing any major, multi-disc albums (we had plenty of those last month!), offers plenty of variety although virtually ignores the whole of the nineteenth century. The eighteenth century is well represented: Bach Cantatas Nos. 80 and 140, agreeably conducted by Wolfgang Gönnenwein (with Elly Ameling and Janet Baker among the soloists); an attractive collection of Handel organ concertos—Nos. 4, 6, 8, and 10 — featuring Simon Preston as soloist, with the Menuhin Orchestra; two of Handel's Italian cantatas—*Ah! Crudel nel pianto mio* and *Armida abbandonata* — magnificently sung by Janet Baker, with the English Chamber Orchestra directed by Raymond Leppard; and, from the ECO under Barenboim, a really delightful coupling of sinfonie concertante—Haydn's superb B flat and Mozart's K.297b (the one featuring four wind soloists).

Even more varied is the selection of twentieth-century fare, for it includes two Russian discs featuring Shostakovich's mighty Eighth Symphony, admirably performed by the Moscow Philharmonic under Kondrashin, though rather coarsely recorded; and a coupling of violin concertos by Khachaturian and Prokofiev (No. 1) with Oistrakh *père et fils* as the respective soloists; the Orchestre de Paris under Georges Prêtre contributes a highly entertaining collection of orchestral works by Poulenc (the Sinfonietta, plus a number of shorter items); and a disc of vocal works by Vaughan Williams, including the G-minor Mass and the Five Mystical Songs, features various soloists and the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, under David Willcocks.

From EMI, too, come two notable reissues: one contains some outstanding recordings made more than twenty years ago by Rome's Santa Cecilia Orchestra under the late Victor de Sabata (whose reading of Debussy's *Jeux* is particularly fine, and there are excellent accounts of Respighi's *Fountains of Rome*, Verdi's *Vespri Siciliani* Overture, and two pieces by Wolf-Ferrari, though the *Traviata* Preludes are rather disappointing), while the other—in HMV's "Golden Voice" series—brings together a veritable basketful of gems by the enchanting Elisabeth Schumann. This indispensable disc restores to circulation many a treasurable performance, including arias by Bach and Handel, Schubert's "Der Hirt auf dem Felsen" (with Reginald Kell as the *obbligato* clarinetist), Adele's "Laughing Song" from *Die Fledermaus*, and Zeller's "Nightingale Song," in which Mme. Schumann showed that she could not only sing like a bird but whistle like one, too!

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Beethoven: Serenade in D (Op. 8). Grumiaux Trio. Serenade in D (Op. 25). Grumiaux Trio with Maxence Larrieu, flute. Philips stereo, PHS 900227, $5.98.	It is perhaps enough to say in commendation of Maxence Larrieu that he proves himself worthy of the choice to participate in this performance with the Grumiaux ensemble. For, in addition to the skills expected from a performer qualified to be flute soloist at the Opéra Comique in Paris, he matches, note for note, phrase for phrase, the high standards expected from Messrs. Grumiaux and (Georges) Janzer, viola. In the Opus 8 Serenade the string ensemble is completed by Eva Czako (who is also Mrs. Janzer) in a performance reminiscent of the quality in their version of the great Mozart E-flat Trio that introduced this ensemble (to me, at least) on Philips 900173 some months ago. It is, in other words, on the highest level of chamber-music playing, of the order attained by the unforgettable Pasquier brothers. Grumiaux, Janzer, and Czako did not have the latter's advantage of being born to brotherly (or sisterly) fraternity, but they have managed to achieve it very nicely in any case. Very refined reproduction and (gratefully) quiet surfaces.
Beethoven: Sonatas in A flat (Op. 26) and F minor (Op. 57). Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Victrola stereo, VICS 1427, $2.50.	Though there is no other version of either of these works in the presently available category, the pairing above is but one of two versions of each Beethoven sonata by Richter to have been in circulation in recent years. The others were included in the Columbia collection of five sonatas from the "live" performance of his Carnegie Hall debut on October 19, 1960. The two A-flat Sonatas are about on a par, but the *Appassionata,* for all the fury with which the finale is pursued, lacks the full force of frenzy to which Richter drove himself on that memorable Carnegie Hall occasion. It also lacks the shower of sour wrong notes with which Richter, in the last cascading measures of the finale, paid for that outburst of superhuman velocity and passion.
Milhaud: Suite. **Arnold:** Concerto. **Benjamin:** Concerto. **Vaughan Williams:** Romance. Larry Adler, harmonica; with Morton Gould conducting The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA stereo, LSC 3078, $5.98.	If there is a larger repertory for harmonica players to draw upon than was true a dozen years ago, Larry Adler can take all the credit—these works were written for him, at his instigation or, as in the case of Milhaud, at the composer's initiative. On the other hand, if the material is not better than it is, the fault is hardly Adler's. Least of all the works, to my way of hearing, is the Vaughan Williams, which sounds like a stray bit of Delius worked over to make it suitable for the breath and reeds of the harmonica player. The others range from entertaining to attractive. In all instances, Adler produces results from his confining instruments that were hardly conceived of prior to his attentions to it. Gould's contributions to the results are exemplary.
Rossini: Sonatas No. 1 (in G), No. 2 (in A), No. 3 (in C), and No. 6 (in D). Herbert von Karajan conducting the strings of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. DGG 139 041, $5.98.	There has been no lack of prior attention to these early works of Rossini on discs, by ensembles ranging from I Musici and the Virtuosi di Roma to the Solisti di Zagreb. However, none that has come my way is a match for the fastidiously sophisticated results achieved by Karajan with the strings of his favorite Berlin Philharmonic. Though the twelve-year-old Rossini composed them in 1804 for an ensemble of four, the peculiar combination of elements (two violins, cello, and double bass) is not disserved by use of multiple players. Mention of the age at which Rossini wrote these works at Ravenna (according to his own words "in three days") should not discourage interest in them. They have a flow of ideas almost Schubertian and an instinctive sense for setting them forth that put the subteen Rossini in a bracket with Mendelssohn, and only below Mozart among musical prodigies. Karajan directs the works with every care due their precocity, and the orchestral strings are beautifully reproduced under the guidance of producer Otto Gerdes (something of a conductor himself).
Verdi: "Ritorna vincitor" and "O patria mia" *(Aïda)*; "Tu che le vanità" *(Don Carlo)*; "Vieni! t'affretta" *(Macbeth*)*; "Willow Song" and "Ave Maria" *(Otello**)*. Gwyneth Jones, soprano; with George Macpherson*, bass; and Maureen Lehane**, mezzo; with the Royal Opera House Orchestra conducted by Edward Downes. London stereo, 26081, $5.98.	The Welsh-born Jones has a voice of impressive range and more than ample power, which she expends with a prodigal generosity not always harnessed to the reins of technique and control. When the music (as in "Ritorna vincitor") permits the Jones drive and all-out power, the results are hard to resist; but even in such circumstances the pitch is often wayward, the focus uncertain for truly artistic results. In such an excerpt as "Tu che le vanità," which demands a sure command of *legato* and a chain link of even notes for the mood to develop, Miss Jones has to move cautiously from one note to the next—in circumstances where caution should be the last thing in the performer's mind. Thus, questions of mood, of character, of emotional involvement are hardly pertinent, the vocal formulation being as uncertain as it is.
Verdi: "Lunge da lei" *(La Traviata,* Act II). Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; with Nancy Stokes, soprano; and Georges Prêtre conducting. "Mercè, diletti amici" *(Ernani,* Act I). Bergonzi; with Thomas Schippers conducting. "Il foglio dunque?" *(Luisa Miller,* Act II). Bergonzi, tenor; with Ezio Flagello, bass; Giorgio Tozzi, bass; and Piero De Palma, tenor; with Fausto Cleva conducting. "Di' tu se fedele" *(Un ballo in maschera,* Act I) and "Forse la soglia attinse" *(Ballo,* Act III). Bergonzi; with Erich Leinsdorf conducting. "Ah, la paterna mano" *(Macbeth,* Act IV). Bergonzi; with Leinsdorf. **Donizetti:** "Tombe degli avi miei" *(Lucia,* Act III). Bergonzi; with Prêtre. RCA stereo, LSC 3084, $5.98.	All of these performances have circulated previously, either as parts of complete recordings of the operas indicated, or—as in the instance of the first and last items—in a record devoted to excerpts, with Bergonzi and Prêtre as collaborators. The value of the collation as served separately is no less to the greater glory of Verdi and Donizetti than it is to the *réclame* of the performer himself. That is to say, it is a rarity these days to find a tenor with the range of resources to deal equally well with "Ah, la paterna mano" and the "Tomb Scene" (though Bergonzi is a shade below size as Ernani). Among these resources are beautiful sound, cultivated style, and warmth of emotion. These remain constant whatever the variations of emphasis (and they are considerable) provided by the associated conductors. —I.K.

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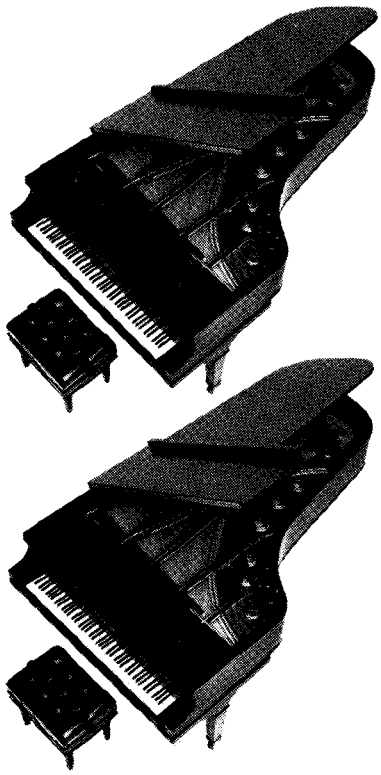

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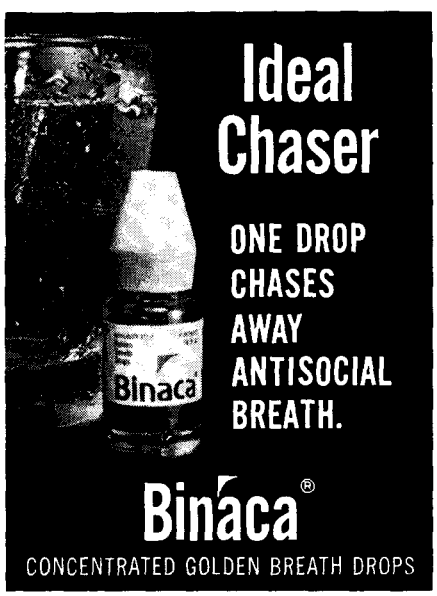

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"Pirates" in Stereo

A paradox, a most ingenious paradox—how the topsy-turvy operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan curry new favor season to season, generation to generation! Topically, they are bound to their own period in subject and allusion. No place here for a multimedia experience, a spate of four-letter words, or publicizable nude scene.

Being so wedded to the Victorian age they satirized and entertained, these light operas are lastingly served by the traditional Savoy company, the D'Oyly Carte Company of London, which carries the banner across the oceans on tour and, courtesy of its long association with London Records, on recordings. Currently, London is putting the finishing touches on a complete stereo catalogue remake of the major G&S canon, with a fresh version of *The Pirates of Penzance*, the first to include the complete spoken dialogue (stereo, OSA 1277, $11.96).

With the D'Oyly Carte the Savoyard aficionado knows what to expect: Musical and verbal articulation is their stock in trade, the choral singing is polished and vital, and the characterizations retain an arched, old-fashioned spice that is passed on from the veterans to the new crop. In this recorded instance, the general effect is enhanced by the employment of The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (as opposed to the usual smaller company orchestra), under the able hand of the recently retired Isidore Godfrey.

Another trait of the D'Oyly Carte tradition is the lack of brilliance in the performances of any one performer. The ensemble is well meshed and the voices are suitable to their tasks, if not outstanding. Among the best are Christene Palmer's bright-voiced Ruth, Donald Adams's virile Pirate King, and Philip Potter's attractive and youthful-sounding Frederic, the indentured lad. Valerie Masterson ably handles the coloratura of "Poor Wandering One," and Owen Brannigan sings the role of the Sergeant of Police ("A Policeman's Lot is Not a Happy One") with relish. As for John Reed's Major-General, it sounds as if he has traversed this ground once too often.

London's sound is of high quality, making excellent use of stereo in the exchange of dialogue and in the singing of the pirate chorus vs. that of the daughters. Here and there is some variance in volume between the spoken and the sung portions of a character. With this addition of the *Pirates* to London's stereo Savoyard catalogue, the newest generation of G&S devotees can truly say, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here." —Robert Jacobson.

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More From Poland

by OLIVER DANIEL

Undoubtedly, the esthetic suppression enforced on the Poles by both Hitler and Stalin for over a quarter of our century is responsible for their avid preoccupation with the doings of the international avant-garde. As late as the period between 1949 and 1955, the "highest commandment" for the composer was to make his music distinctly national and align it with national cultural policy. Today, however, the Poles are emphatically independent, esthetically if not politically.

Josef Patkowski, a young musicologist who recently visited many American electronic centers and participated in the International Music Congress of UNESCO held in New York and Washington this past September, opened the first experimental electronic studio in Poland in 1958. It was immediately used by practically all of the younger composers—and Polish music will never be the same again. Two years later, when Penderecki produced his *Hiroshima Threnody*, its quasi-electronic string *glissandi* and aleatoric manipulation of blocks of sound seemed new and arresting then, but frightfully easy to copy. Some of his followers seem to be content to turn them into national clichés. But it is still a relief to be spared the tedium of the dodecaphonic doldrums that the Poles seem to avoid successfully.

There is a set of five records chronicling the Eleventh Autumn Festival held in Warsaw last year that is currently available from SESAC, 10 Columbus Circle (mono only, $20). Among the fifteen works, by as many composers, we find such regulars as Tadeusz Baird, Grazyna Bacewicz, Tomasz Sikorski, Witold Lutoslawski, and Wojciech Kilar. Among the newer names of particular interest we find Zbigniew Rudzinski, Jan Hawel, and Andrzej Dobrowolski. Penderecki, whose spirit seems to permeate much of what his colleagues are doing, is curiously omitted.

From the newcomers we have *Movements Musicaux II* for Orchestra by Rudzinski. While its impact at first hearing is considerable, it does not hang together musically. It is theatrical and dramatically suggestive, and whatever the Polish equivalent of Hollywood might be, that is the descriptive word for this music. As an orchestrater, Rudzinski is first-rate, and our own manufacturers of such musical yardage might pick up some useful ideas from him.

Spawned by the late Viennese school, Tadeusz Baird's Four Songs for Mezzo-Soprano and Chamber Orchestra are rich as a Sacher torte and as filled with yearning as Alt Wien itself. The vocal line is far more natural than much recent music woven on Berg's loom, and it is sung intensely by a good but slightly hooty mezzo named Krystyna Szostek-Radkowa. Poland's enormously gifted woman composer, Grazyna Bacewicz, offers a big side-filling work called *Contradictions* for Chamber Orchestra. She is, unfortunately, always at the mercy of inherited ideas, but she handles them so well that they ring with the deceptive sound of newness.

The second disc is a grab bag of odds and ends. First a Quartettino for Mezzo-Soprano and Strings by Krzysztof Meyer that, despite, its title, includes both flute and piano. It is in the current international style and is quite undistinguished. Its chief virtues lie in some expert flute playing by an unidentified member of the Zagreb Ensemble and some fine flutelike singing by Anna Malewicz-Madey.

Two piano works follow. First a sonata by Tomasz Sikorski, son of the distinguished Kazimierz Sikorski, which is so involved with sonic effects and delicate pedal changes that it fails to sustain interest. It is performed dedicatedly by the composer, but he seems to be more concerned with the means than the message. Composer-pianist Zygmunt Krauze performs his *Esquisse* with intense brilliance. With Messiaen-like flourishes he tackles the opening, simultaneously rattling out rapid flutters on the highest and lowest notes of the keyboard—a kind of duet for wren and elephant. He alternates his phrases, which are extended sound segments, with abrupt silences, and achieves both mind- and ear-catching quality. Its chief defect is its extended length and interspersed improvisational doodling.

A work for soprano and orchestra, the *Solonne* by Wojciech Kilar picks things up considerably. His fusion of various timbres on a single tone, a device used brilliantly by Elliott Carter, comes on like festive declamations punctuating washes of string sound. It is terse, dramatic, and arresting, and to that add the splendid performance of Orchestre Philharmonique de l'ORTF de Paris, which uses soprano Malewicz-Madey like an in-

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strumentalist. Kilar is one of the more exciting composers, and his *Solonne* is decidedly worthwhile.

The excellent orchestra of Bratislava does superbly with the bright, flashy *Contrasts* of Jan Hawel. It is a clever piece, in which he momentarily lets all orchestral hell break loose, then meanders about as bewildered as Alice in some over-orchestrated rabbit hole. And, believe me, that indicates contrast. If composer Hawel has not accomplished all he intends to, we need not worry. He is still one of the younger ones and, obviously, one of the musically bright ones. He bears watching.

Kasimierz Sikorski, born in Zurich in 1895, is one of the older composers and sounds anachronistically among the younger and more venturesome Poles. But in his own way he is a brilliant professional. His Clarinet Concerto, written in 1947, is a virtuoso showpiece, played admirably by Sawa Dymitrow, who possesses a quite spectacular technique. Its stylistic allegiance is to Shostakovich and Prokofiev, and it can take its place beside works by these Russian colleagues without any mock modesty. Clarinetists who are looking for a big display piece to show their technical wares might give attention to Sikorski. And, by way of information, he has also written concertos for flute, horn, and trumpet.

Boris Schaffer, a composer born in 1929 who is credited with having written the first Polish dodecaphonic work, presents here a Trio for Flute, Harp, Viola, and Tape, which sounds at moments as much like an air-raid signal as anything we find in Penderecki's *Threnody*. Schaffer has listened well to the sounds going on all about him and has appropriated them aptly. The question that plagues one is where sound effects begin and music leaves off, and even whether music is not merely an innocent bystander. But he catches one's attention forcibly at times by doing many things that our own younger composers seem to be doing much better.

Earlier works by Henryk Gorecki have not particularly impressed me. He has seemed like such an obvious band-wagon jumper that I have tended to discredit him. In this current series he is represented by a really powerful piece, *La Musiquette II*, which seems far more original and personal than his earlier works. It proclaims itself loudly and vigorously; it is strong without being ugly, and brawny without being brutal. Its brevity is appropriate, and that does not mean "Thank God it's over!" It deserves the word "outstanding."

Wlodzimierz Kotonski's *Play of Sounds* for magnetic tape is like so much other tape music. Playful, yes, but it is too long and, save for an amusing bucolic section that sounds quite like rutting sows and kindred denizens, the piece lacks individual flavor. Only slightly more interesting is another post-Penderecki sally, this time by Andrzej Dobrowolski. The piece is Music for Two Wind Groups and Two Loudspeakers. The combined use of instrumental layers, overlaying pre-taped sounds and noises, is theatrically effective but musically superficial and somewhat juvenile in its thundering background. It's rather frightening how easily much of this can be done and how difficult any qualitative assessment becomes.

Lutoslawski picks this series up considerably. His Second Symphony does it. He is a masterful writer and has a profile of his own. What seem like unrelated experimental effects when used by his lesser colleagues fuse into viable musical material when he employs them. The work is in two movements. The first is marked "Hesitant," the second "Direct"; both indications expressively cue in the listener. The first, while altogether free and unbound, has inherently a sense of form; the second, which opens with a protracted aleatoric boiling of sounds evoking the controlled chaos of Hovhaness and the roaring confusion of Ives's Fourth Symphony, extends itself beyond its suggested content. Since many of the aleatoric segments are dependent durationally upon the conductor, one might suggest that Lutoslawski, who conducted this performance, got lost in the wonder of his own confusion. Yet his work has a sense of coherence, logic, and breadth that raises it above most of his Polish colleagues. Lutoslawski may well become one of the most significant European composers of this century's declining days.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1b, 2j, 3h, 4d, 5a, 6n, 7m; 8e, 9c, 10 f, 11 g, 12k, 13 l, 14i.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 40: salver, slaver, ravels, lavers.

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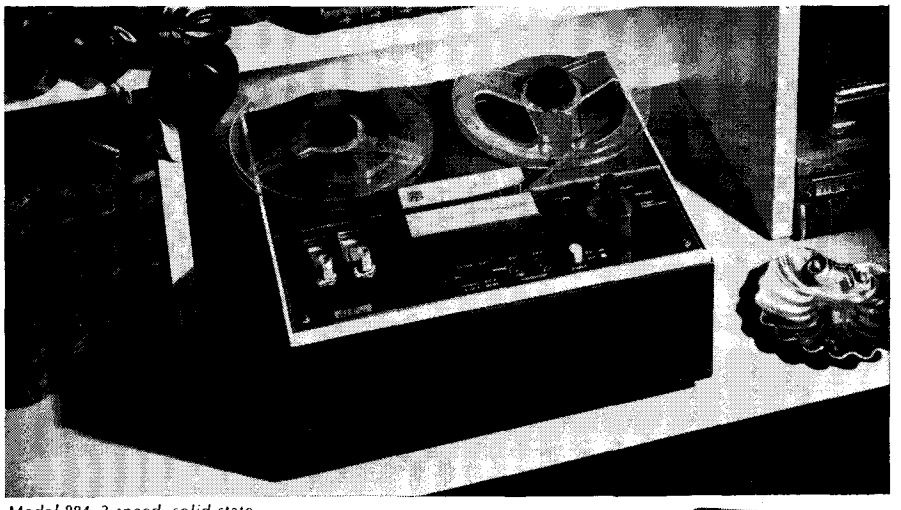

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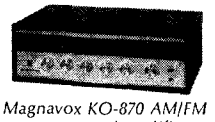

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Festival at Royan

Few sites appear less predestined for a festival than the small Atlantic town of Royan, which has little to offer visitors but sandy beaches, wide expanses of ocean, and tall dunes covered with broom and pine.

It has always been a popular summer seaside resort, but in April few Parisians would consider bathing in the icy waters of the Atlantic. In consequence, the streets of the town were deserted at Easter until six years ago, when a former mayor decided to start a music festival. Audiences were sparse at first. When the Parrennin Quartet performed there in 1964, only twenty people were present, and for several more years, only specialists—critics, composers, and publishers—attended. How, then, did the present miracle come about, filling the halls to overflowing with enthusiastic and mainly young audiences?

The Paris Domaine Musical has undoubtedly succeeded in creating a new audience in search of more and more new music. This breakthrough seems to have amazed some of those visiting Royan for the first time—particularly the Americans. But both the latest festival and the Journées de Musique Contemporaine held in Paris last October have revealed that there are in France many young people who may be acquainted with baroque music (because of its "popular" arrangements and its easy rhythms), but who know nothing of classical music and so stay away from it. To them, the contemporary musical idiom seems as natural as pop or op art. They will listen to Xenakis, Berio, and Stockhausen as readily as to the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, or the Mothers of Invention. Whether or not so-called serious musicians approve, there is no denying it.

A common trend of European music festivals at present is to select a dominant theme or personality on which the whole program is built. This year's themes were the dance and Italy. Together with an excellent Hindu dancer, Yamini Krishnamurti, making her first appearance outside India, the main festival attraction was undoubtedly Maurice Béjart, one of the most forceful personalities in the world of dance. Béjart has become a legend in France, especially since, like Boulez, he has gone into exile (in Brussels).

Royan's four Béjart premieres can best be described as "chamber" ballets, especially devised for the casino's small stage. In one of them, Rosella Hightower, performing with her daughter, Dominique Robier, made a comeback in a *pas de deux* based on the theme of motherhood. Despite the high artistic level of the evening, and the fabulous solo danced by Paolo Bartoluzzi to Xenakis's *Nomos Alpha* for cello solo, Béjart's most impressive contribution was probably his color TV film, the star of which was the superb Argentinian dancer Jorg Donn, and an hour-long morning session during which the entire troupe improvised on themes suggested by the audience. Breathtaking precision, iron discipline, flawless technique, and a complete unity of style—which only a strong personality such as Béjart can create—made this a memorable experience.

In the realm of music, the star was Luciano Berio. Twelve of his works were performed, most of them already known both in the U.S. and in France. It was fascinating to witness the amazing evolution from his early, post-Webernian, extremely intellectual style to the expansive, highly colored, dramatic intensity of his latest works, such as Sinfonia. It is also irritating that such an extraordinarily gifted musician should have succumbed to facility and performed half-finished works such as *El Mar La Mar* (for two voices and five instruments), Sinfonia (which, despite its tremendous and fascinating vitality, clearly lacks a finale), and the new *Cela veut dire que* (for three voices, vocal ensemble, and magnetic tape), which stretches to forty-five minutes material adequate for a five- or ten-minute work.

Although Yannis Xenakis is not in the main stream of contemporary European music, as exemplified for many years by the Domaine Musical (Boulez, Stockhausen, Berio, Pousseur, Amy), he scored one of his first major public successes at Royan with *Terretektorh*, a "spacialized" work conducted there in 1966 by Hermann Scherchen. Though much has been written, especially by Xenakis himself, on the technique of "stochastic" music, most of it is utterly unintelligible to the layman. Yet, the effect of Xenakis's music on the public is immense, immediate, indisputable. Last year *Nuits* (for thirteen solo voices), this year *Nomos Gamma* (for ninety-eight musicians, grouped around the conductor in star formation, with the public seated between the branches of the star) aroused great enthusiasm and was immediately encored. *Nomos Gamma* is a musical cataclysm, a kind of primeval earthquake, a contemporary *Rite of Spring*. It stirs, it shatters, it terrifies the listener with its stony grandeur and its cosmic loneliness. Like much of Xenakis's work, it has little in common with any other music; it does not expose a sequence of musical ideas, but uses a logic of its own. It is conceived—and should be listened to—as a complete whole, not in time, but in space; not the space of a concert hall, but interplanetary space, which man has just started to explore.

While Xenakis has inherited the tradition of Greek philosophers, who extended human thought to the dimensions of the universe, Sylvano Bussotti, true to Italian humanism, searches for the universal within man himself. In *Tre Frammenti all' Italia* he proves himself to be a true descendant of Monteverdi and Gesualdo.

Berio's Sinfonia provided an excellent example of the "collage" which some composers like to practice nowadays. Xenakis brilliantly demonstrated his stochastic techniques in *Nomos Gamma*, while in *Archipel II* for string quartet, André Boucourechliev remained faithful (like Luis de Pablo in his brilliant *Imaginario III* performed at Royan last year) to the aleatory principle used by him in *Archipel I* (for two pianos and percussion). Bulgarian born, but naturalized French, Boucourechliev is a discerning critic who specializes in Romantic music, about which he has written several books. He is also an intensely personal composer. In his new quartet, much is left to the performers. In turn, they decide which course to follow—that is, the order of the printed elements and sometimes even the tempi and dynamic nuances. Although it does not strike the ear immediately, Boucourechliev has quoted a number of phrases from quartet literature (Beethoven, Webern, Bartók, and Berg) and alternated compulsory passages with others from which the players may choose at will, each one indicating his choice to the others. This might have resulted in disorder and confusion, but, in fact, the elements are so devised and their possible combinations so well planned that all remains clear, transparent, highly expressive, and intellectually as well as aurally satisfying. Boucourechliev is a new name to keep in mind and one of the revelations of Royan.

—H. L. DE LA GRANGE.

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Tape Recorders I Have Known and Loved

High fidelity is unsatisfactory as a hobby. Once you've amassed a suitably good stereo system, there's nothing more for you to do with high fidelity per se, and *music* becomes, quite properly, your chief satisfaction.

Tape recording, on the other hand, can be almost as creative, interesting, and useful a lifelong hobby as photography. That's one reason why tape recorders are my favorite high fidelity components.

My love of gadgets is the other reason. While the best components elsewhere in the stereo system are, by definition, those which most unobtrusively transmit music, recorders offer the added thrills of moving tape-reels and dancing meter needles.

But if tape recorders do involve you more, by the same token they are easier to grow dissatisfied with. Over the years I have tried, loved, and often discarded more tape recorders than all other sound components put together.

1960: Magnecord—My first was a Magnecord PT-6, a professional broadcast recorder (with extension arms for 10½" reels) that was ten years old and a basket case when I bought it. It cost me $45 as a bushel of parts, and sold new for about $800. You could probably equal or better its performance now for less than $100.

Whatever nostalgia that old "Maggie" has for me stems less from its excellence than from its potential for easy improvement. When it expired a few years later, like the one-hoss shay, I had added five or six new functions and controls to it that its designers never heard of.

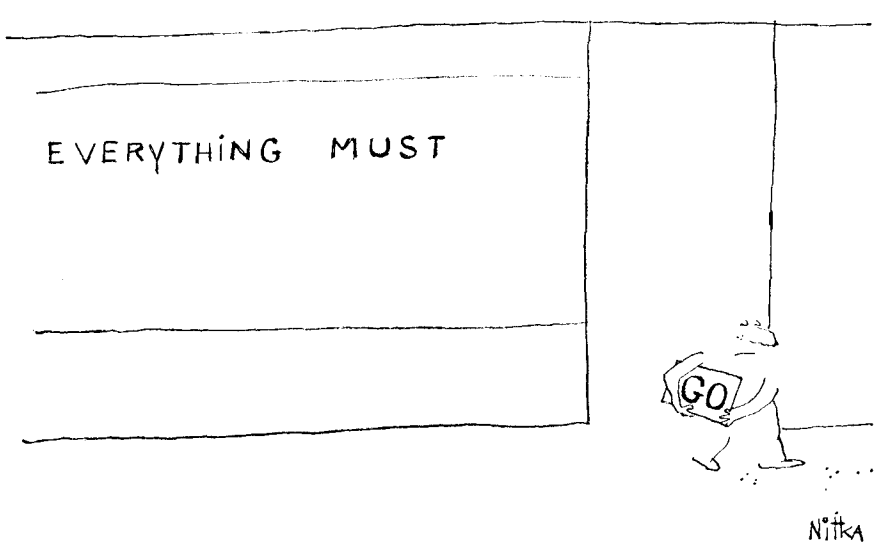
I learned to edit tape on it, too. The Maggie's heads faced upward, unobscured by any shields or covers, which made it easy to mark and cut my tapes precisely where I wanted.

And with my PT-6, I discovered what a wealth of material one could record if only one went looking for it. Among the tapes I made with the Magnecord were recordings of some unknown folk singers named Buffy Sainte-Marie and Bob Dylan (I spelled it "Dillon" on the tape box).

1963: Tapesonic—When the Maggie finally expired, I needed a machine which could play back its 15-inch-per-second, 10½-inch-reel tapes. The only such machine I could afford then was the Tapesonic 70DSF, made by a tiny New York firm called Premier Electronic Labs.

For only $565, I got a tape deck with a solenoid controlled pinch roller (so I could start the machine with a clock timer, if I wished); ultra-fast rewind; extended frequency response (the factory claimed 35-260,000 Hz. ± 2db, at 15 ips tape speed—I measured 25-22,000, and was happy); three speeds, from 3¾ to 15 ips, with excellent recording quality on all three speeds, excellent playback quality on the upper two; three heads; three motors; and two very big, brightly lit VU meters.

Like the Magnecord, the Tapesonic was easy to modify. I have so far installed a switch to cut the take-up motor off when editing out long sec-



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tions of my tapes, extra inputs on the rear panel, and bias metering, and I've recalibrated all my meter and bias settings for low-noise tapes.

The current Tapesonics look quite similar, but they are quite dissimilar inside, with mechanical braking, solid-state amplifiers, and all-relay pushbutton operation. Its price has gone up a bit, and it now has some competition, most notably from ReVox.

1964: Beocord — My Tapesonic weighed about eighty pounds, and by 1964 I was doing a lot of remote recording work. So I added the lighter (forty-one pound) Dynaco B&O Beocord 2000 to my stable. At $525, this was a more sophisticated and versatile machine, though it would not operate at 15 ips or carry a 10½" reel.

The major attraction of the Beocord was its built-in, six-input mixer, with a linear slider gain control for each of its three stereo pairs of input channels. Normally, the Beocord comes with one input pair equipped for low-impedance professional microphones, one pair for "aux" or "tuner" use, and one pair with equalization for magnetic phono cartridges. The boards, however, can be interchanged to get six microphone or six "aux" inputs, or any other combination desired.

I found the mixer less than perfect, though. While its microphone preamps were sensitive enough to use with B&O's sweet-sounding ribbon microphones (also available from Dyna), they overloaded and distorted when used with unattenuated condenser mikes. Since each of the mixer's sliders controls a *pair* of inputs, with only one overall record-balance control provided, you cannot rebalance one pair of microphones without affecting all the other inputs. And worst of all, my particular machine (admittedly one of the very first off the production line) never lived up to its hum and noise specifications (I measured it at –39db; the manufacturer claims –50).

The transport, on the other hand, proved unexpectedly good. Its "joystick" control was simple, logical, and a joy to use. Rewind and fast-forward speeds were available, for easy cueing, and the Beocord winds the tape more gently and evenly in fast-forward or rewind modes than most recorders do in "play."

There is now a Beocord 2000 De-Luxe available in Europe and Canada (though not yet here), with separate sliders for each input, and its "Radio" input preamp board will probably have the right sensitivity for condenser mikes. As to the noise, I assume that later production runs have long since licked that problem.

Next month, more tape recorders I have known and loved.—IVAN BERGER.

Letters to the Recordings Editor

Musicians, Yes; Marines, No

I READ Stanley Dance's article "Ellington at the White House" [*SR*, May 31] with considerable interest. However, I would like to make one major correction in the listing of performers. Mr. Dance writes, ". . . a dozen or so violinists of the Marine Band came briskly into the room." These were *not* Marines at all; rather they were The United States Army Strolling Strings, in which I am a cellist. Our group plays at official state dinners, luncheons and receptions at the White House, and other gala events connected with the military or government.

Incidentally, the Army Band, of which we are a part, wears blue uniforms, while the Marine Band wears scarlet coats.

I thank Dance for his kind words regarding our performance, but would like to inform him of his error in our identity.

SP5 DOUGLAS B. MOORE,
Arlington, Va.

Koussevitzky Discography

KEVIN MOSTYN, archivist of this association, has recently completed a Koussevitzky discography that includes all of the recordings made by Dr. Koussevitzky for RCA between 1928 and 1950, plus his single contribution for Columbia dating from 1934. If R. W. Haeussler, Jr. [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, May 31] will send us 25 cents to cover the cost of an envelope and postage, we shall be glad to send him a copy. This same offer holds for other *SR* readers who may be interested in this discography.

Requests should be directed to: The Koussevitzky Recordings Association, 3 Hutton Road, Dover, Massachusetts 02030.

LAWRENCE GOODWIN,
Associate Director,
The Koussevitzky
Recordings Association,
Dover, Mass.

Arroyo, Not Sutherland

MY REACTION to the American Opera Society's presentation of *Les Huguenots* was substantially the same as Irving Kolodin's as reported in MUSIC TO MY EARS [May 31]. However, I found myself irritated to an unreasonable degree by his parenthesis to the effect that the performance came about "largely in order to work off an obligation incurred earlier in the season when Joan Sutherland could not appear."

The obligation in question came about through the indisposition of Martina Arroyo. There are many of us who feel substantially more deprived by the absence of Miss Arroyo than we could ever have if the scheduled star had been Miss Sutherland.

R. C. BROADSTONE,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Sutherland connection arose through the participation of her husband Richard Bonynge as the original conductor. He was also a flu victim.*

"Sacred Concert"

I ENJOY all of *SR*, from cover to cover—and particularly notes on new recordings, which do not appear in blurbs and flyers from the record companies—I wonder why not? We do not all like acid rock or country style.

But aside from that, has a recording been made of *Sacred Concert*? Something I should really like to have—for my rather weird collection—my taste being what it is!

Keep up the good, good works—and thanks.

MRS. DOROTHY Y. MILLER,
Phoenix, Ariz.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A tape exists, but, so far as is known, Ellington has not made a contract for its processing and release.*

Schubert by Krenn

FOR SOME TWENTY years I have enjoyed Mr. Kolodin's reviews of vocal recordings, and I have enjoyed reading his remarks on the recent recording of Schubert songs by Werner Krenn [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, May 31]. I agree that the singing could benefit from more weight and greater variety in vocal color, but I disagree with his overall estimate. For me this is the most appealing recording of Schubert songs I have heard since the recordings of A. Schioetz and Hans Hotter around 1950 plus or minus five years (allowing that the re-releases of the work of Erb, Hüsch, Gerhardt, Schumann, Lehmann, etc., correspond to still earlier recordings in the main).

No single recording of Schubert is perfect. (You will recall Artur Schnabel's comment to the effect that great music cannot be played "definitively.") Karl Erb's "An die Laute," Schumann's "Der Jüngling an der Quelle" seem closer to *my* idea of what Schubert had in mind. But overall, Krenn's recording is exceptionally beautiful, and one or two songs alone—"An die Nachtigall" and "Vom Mitleiden Mariä"—are enough to regard this recording on a very high level.

R. S. QUIROZ,
Arlington, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One vote for Krenn.*

Is this Trip Necessary?

AFTER READING the April 26 issue of *SR*, I feel compelled to comment on record reviews, and on pop music in general.

I am convinced that the efforts of people such as Ellen Sander demonstrate an attempt (for the most part a sincere attempt) to justify pop music before the world, to fix its importance in the eyes of the uninformed by way of scholarly rhetoric and carefully wrought opinion. This is honorable. We have all tasted the frustration of hearing standard middle-age remarks that dismiss pop as junk, noise, etc.

But, oh God, no more reviews, not even to inform us. Please, Miss Sander, under-

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stand that records are necessary but inadequate, that they capture and hold only a minute trace of the power, the excitement, and the incredible passion of our music. And a lengthy dissertation is but a further bastardization, made more meaningless by the intrusion of our own trip.

It's painful to read a letter like Frank Bell's ("The Stones' album will never be a hit, while the Beatles' album will be. This proves [!] that the Stones' album is dull and without meaning."), which exhibits an astonishing lack of understanding, as well as a dull, regressive insensibility toward music as a whole [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Apr. 26]. Such an opinion, like any review, is hopelessly irrelevant. To say you don't like it means you can't dig it, which means you haven't let your mind out to meet it.

Miss Sander, I know you can dig it, so please do just that. We are not the dialectic. We don't need counseling or convincing. This music is the product and property of a unique understanding, from which we can derive expansive personal awareness, and which the outside mind can never hope to fathom.

JOHN SAROKA,
State University,
Stony Brook, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Miss Sander's comments are addressed to whoever finds them meaningful.*

Stuttgart and the Ballet

WHILE I WAS pleased to see Walter Terry ("Steps from Stuttgart," WORLD OF DANCE, May 31) alerting American audiences to the importance of the phenomenal Stuttgart Ballet—a job long overdue—I wish his account of the ballet tradition at Stuttgart had been less cavalier. Instead of leering at the Kings of Württemberg patronizing the ballerinas, he might have mentioned that classical ballet was in fact virtually born in Stuttgart when Jean Georges Noverre worked there in the latter part of the eighteenth century, together with the great Gaetano Apolline Baltasare Vestris and a company of some twenty principals and a corps of more than a hundred, making Stuttgart the center of the ballet world then as it is rapidly again becoming now under John Cranko.

ERNEST BERNHARDT-KABISCH,
Bloomington, Ind.

Wolf on DGG

I WAS MUCH interested in Mr. Kolodin's review of the Hugo Wolf records (DGG 139 426/27), which he did not recommend, [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, May 31]. "Der Feuerreiter" is recorded by Fischer-Dieskau (and G. Moore, piano) with other songs by Wolf, Schubert, and Schumann on Odeon-81055.

CHARLES H. FARLEY,
Cambridge, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Do not recommend" is much too general; "selectively recommend" would be better.*

Hoagy

Continued from page 45

hysterically funny, seeing this little old lady playing "Maple Leaf Rag" like that; Gershwin just keeled over with laughter and fell against the fellow next to him—and Gershwin wasn't easily amused, was he?—and through it all was this wonderful beat, the real thing. . . .

KOLODIN: According to all the biographical accounts, Hoagy took in his mother's kind of piano playing as natural as breathing. . . . In fact, it's part of the family tradition that when he was growing up in Indiana, the father, who was something of a wanderer, took them around to a lot of different towns on job prospects . . . but they had to leave the piano behind, with a relative, because it was too valuable to move around . . . and they were always happy to go back to Bloomington, not only because it was home, but because the piano was there.

FREEMAN: Didn't know that. . . .

KOLODIN: Nor did I before reading *Sometimes I Wonder*. . . . At any rate, in around Hoagy's eighth or ninth year, he was left alone one day, his mother having some errand to do, and he got up the courage to go to the piano and begin picking out something he had heard somebody play . . . and he was so absorbed, he didn't notice when she came back. . . . When he discovered he was being observed at the piano, the all-valuable pride of the family, he probably expected a hiding . . . but she was so delighted he had found his own way to music she just embraced him . . . and gave him every encouragement . . . she was so happy it came out naturally, without being forced on him. . . .

FREEMAN: It all adds up, and leads me to think of something else. . . . Have you read *Soul on Ice*?

KOLODIN: Not yet. . . .

FREEMAN: Well, you should . . . because in it Eldridge Cleaver says—and I remember the substance rather than the language—that the idea that only the Negroes know how "to swing with the Body" or have the beat, is not true . . . that it "is a skill they [the whites] surely must have once possessed." And I thought, "My God, what a wonderful idea." And whatever happened, a kind of rigidity set in—a Beiderbecke and a Carmichael surely had it and could give us so much and make such music as they did, which is why it still can bring out as much from us as it does today. . . .

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(Continued on page 60)

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(Continued from page 59)

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(Continued on page 62)

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(Continued from page 61)

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VACATIONS

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private Gulf beach.

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GERMANY — SCHILLER COLLEGE — see "STUDIES ABROAD."

TRAVEL

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE NEVIS*, you may wish to *subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti.* What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15 (*KNEE-vis.) Caribbean Report, Suite 1210, 527 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1838

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Holler, bellyache; cry raucously.	47 103 110 123 138 20
B. First president of Congress under the Articles of Confederation (1721-83; full name)	17 30 38 75 76 105 118 146 177 195
C. Nebraska river flowing into the Missouri S. of Omaha.	83 132 142 154 161 167
D. Splayed enlargement of a door or window.	173 217 23 31 46 58 88 106 117
E. Grimaldi Cup, Platt Cup, and Carnegie Cup, for instance.	124 127 134 149 164 180 194 196
F. Vision.	197 216 44 89 113 122 162 183
G. One of the Visayan Islands, between Luzon and Mindanao.	189 192 1 7 49
H. Newspapers' flags.	65 69 94 99 112 129 133 145 159
I. English Saint murdered by the Danes in 1012.	160 25 116 181 186 193 205
J. "There is no ——— under the sun." (2 wds.; Eccles. 1:9)	11 57 59 85 92 120 126 135
K. Nonadaptive trait or condition.	137 143 168 179 3 32 50 61 155 16 87
L. Where Michael Flanders and Donald Swann said the nations of the world should meet "face to face" (3 wds.)	166 170 184 187 213 33 60 91 100
M. Stuck, clung.	153 171 204 64 78 90 119
N. English architect and artist (1869-1944; British Embassy in Wash., D.C.)	141 40 111 151 86 156 102
O. Precipitate; speedy.	212 5 108 165 28
P. Ruler of Persia, 1797-1834 (3 wds.)	98 163 198 4 10 35 55 115 42 66 68
Q. Followed by WORD Z¹: Wordsworth thus addresses the cuckoo (2 wds.)	84 172 36 200 203 9 71
R. "the . . . feet of April came/into the ——— of my soul." (2 wds.: e e cummings, "if i have made, my lady, intricate")	79 209 41 175 188 26 96 107 18 56 97 45
S. Exorbitant tollbooth? (2 wds.)	81 206 202 43 54 169 80 130 147 72 191 157 174 67
T. Entirely (2 wds.)	73 128 136 178 82 13 150 211 48
U. Affirmation.	53 70 2 51 19 62 152 144 201 210
V. Shaped like a beak.	207 63 77 125 190 185 39 22 6
W. With a crest (as a bird).	14 104 131 37 158 12
X. Was up.	215 182 15 52 101 176
Y. Marked by optimism.	95 140 109 93 24 199
Z. Lesser civet.	27 34 214 114 139
Z¹. See WORD Q (comp.)	121 218 208 29 8 148 74 21

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 G	2 U	3 K		4 P	5 O	6 V		7 G	8 Z¹		9 Q	10 P	11 J	12 W		13 T	14 W
	15 X	16 K		17 B	18 R	19 U	20 A		21 Z¹	22 V	23 D	24 Y	25 I	26 R	27 Z	28 O	
29 Z¹	30 B	31 D	32 K	33 L	34 Z	35 P	36 Q		37 W	38 B	39 V	40 N	41 R	42 P		43 S	44 F
	45 R	46 D	47 A		48 T	49 G		50 K	51 U	52 X		53 U		54 S	55 P	56 R	57 J
	58 D	59 J	60 L	61 K	62 U		63 V	64 M		65 H	66 P	67 S		68 P	69 H	70 U	71 Q
	72 S	73 T	74 Z¹	75 B		76 B	77 V	78 M	79 R	80 S		81 S	82 T	83 C	84 Q	85 J	86 N
87 K	88 D	89 F	90 M		91 L	92 J	93 Y		94 H	95 Y	96 R		97 R	98 P		99 H	100 L
101 X		102 N	103 A	104 W	105 B	106 D	107 R	108 O		109 Y	110 A	111 N		112 H	113 F	114 Z	
115 P	116 I	117 D	118 B	119 M	120 J	121 Z¹	122 F		123 A	124 E	125 V		126 J	127 E	128 T	129 H	130 S
	131 W	132 C	133 H	134 E	135 J	136 T	137 K		138 A	139 Z		140 Y	141 N	142 C	143 K	144 U	145 H
	146 B	147 S		148 Z¹	149 E	150 T	151 N		152 U	153 M	154 C	155 K	156 N	157 S	158 W	159 H	
160 I	161 C		162 F	163 P	164 E	165 O	166 L	167 C	168 K		169 S	170 L	171 M		172 Q	173 D	174 S
175 R	176 X	177 B	178 T	179 K		180 E	181 I	182 X	183 F		184 L	185 V	186 I		187 L	188 R	189 G
190 V		191 S	192 G	193 I	194 E	195 B		196 E	197 F	198 P	199 Y	200 Q	201 U	202 S		203 Q	204 M
205 I	206 S	207 V		208 Z¹	209 R	210 U	211 T	212 O	213 L	214 Z		215 X	216 F		217 D	218 Z¹	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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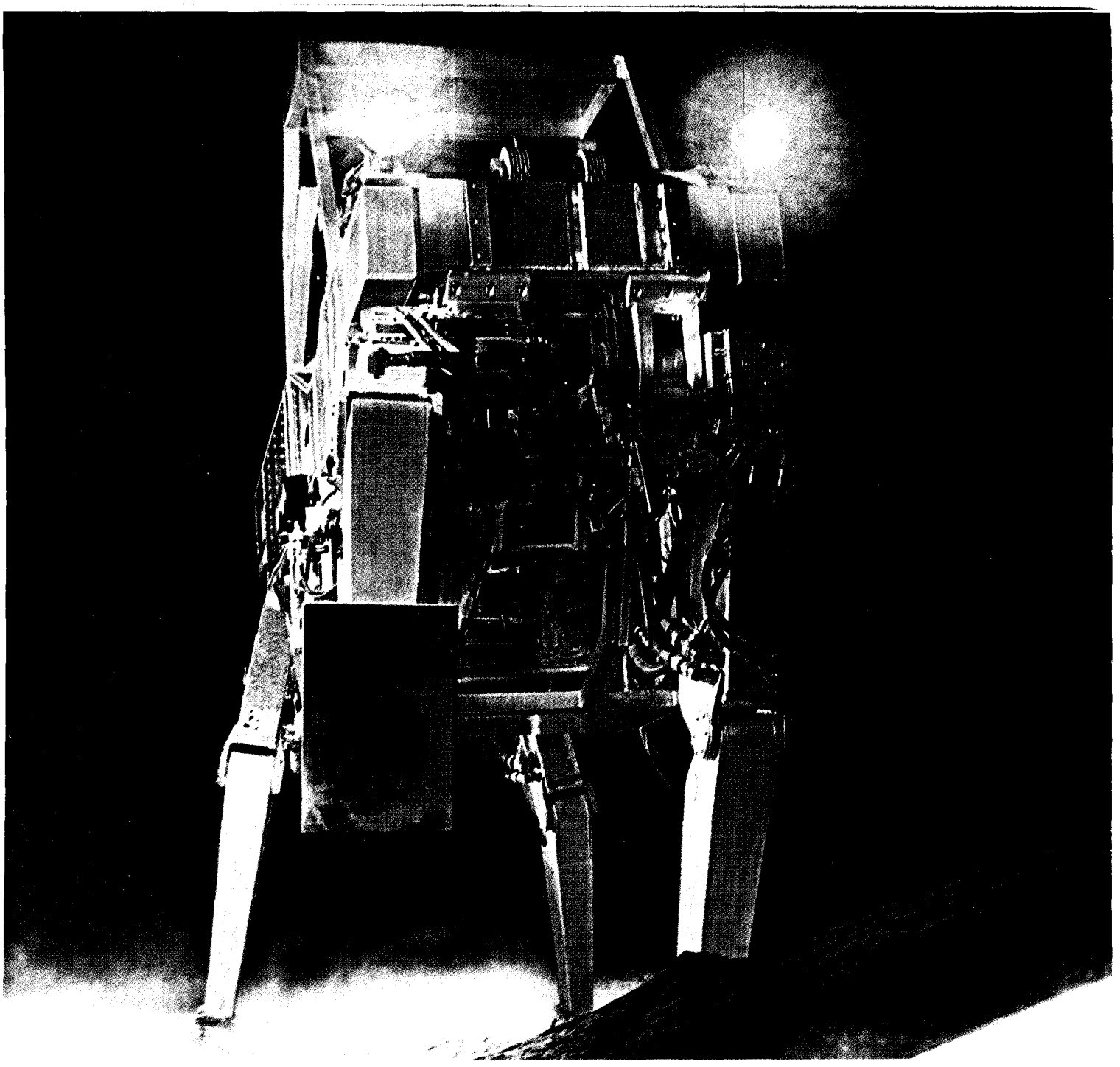

What's 11 feet tall, walks on 4 legs and drinks gasoline?

It's a machine built by General Electric to do things no machine . . . or no man . . . ever did before. It looks like something out of science fiction. But it's something out of science. The science of Cybernetic Anthropomorphous Machine Systems. CAMS, for short. CAMS are machines that copy and magnify man's own movements. The man in this machine can actually "feel" where it's walking. He's able to make it flick aside heavy obstacles... lift hundreds of pounds out of the way without losing its balance. Soon he'll be taking it over fallen trees, across rough terrain. This walking machine is being developed for the U.S. Army by General Electric. GE has already applied CAMS principles to build machines that are at work on production lines. And is planning others to work at construction sites and even in space.

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